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THE  
**LIFE AND ADVENTURES**  
OF  
**DR. DODIMUS DUCKWORTH, A. N. Q.**

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE HISTORY OF  
**A STEAM DOCTOR.**

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IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YANKEE AMONG THE NULLIFIERS,"

*Finemque vident in funere morbi.—Ov. Met.*

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NEW-YORK.  
PUBLISHED BY PETER HILL, 94 BROADWAY.

1833.

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Entered, according to *Act of Congress*, in the year 1833, by ASA GREENE,  
in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States,  
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## CHAPTER I.

*Trying the Hand at Practice—A Jumping Tooth-Ache—Cutting the Gum—The Wrong Tooth—Accommodating Disposition of the Student—His Singular Humanity—Ungrateful Return of the Patient—The Operation Doubly Performed—A Case of Venesection—Necessity of Well People being bled Yearly—A Plump Arm—An Accident—The Student in a Quandary—A Puzzling Case—His Reasoning thereon—How to Stanch Blood.*

Dodimus, after seeing sundry exhibitions of his master's skill, began to be very anxious to try his own hand at a cast of practice. An opportunity was not long wanting; for one morning, as he was exercising the pestle in his master's absence, and longing for a chance of attempting something by his own ability, a man entered the shop with a handkerchief round his jaws, and with a countenance more rueful than if he had lost all his relations.

"Is the doctor at home?" said he.

"No, sir."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone over to Crincumpaw".

"To Crincum dev!—I came within an inch of swearing.—How soon will he be back?"



"Why, I spose in the course of two or three hours, if you can wait so long."

"Two or three ages, you might as well say. I can't wait a minute."

"Who's sick?"

"There aint nobody sick. But I'm as mad as I can live : I've got the jumping tooth-ache; and I want the doctor to pull it."

"I can do that myself," said the student, beginning to take the instruments from a drawer.

"You!" said the man, eying him suspiciously, 'did you ever pull a tooth?"

"Did I! I wonder if I haint now!" returned the student, in such a tone as to carry with it a conviction to the mind of the hearer, that he was expert in the business. Then desiring him to take a seat, he began to examine the offending tooth.

"Do you see it?" said the patient.

"I wonder if I don't!" said Dody.

"Oh, how it does jump!" exclaimed the patient, at the same time springing upon his feet and raving round the room like a bedlamite; "I believe in my soul it'll jump out of my head."

"Shut your mouth then," said the student, "do, and keep it in, till I git ready to pull it." He seated the man once more, and desiring him to extend his jaws as wide as he could, he introduced a horse-fleam by way of gum-lancet, and began to cut around the tooth.

"What are you about there?" roared the patient,

as well as he could articulate with the fleam in his mouth.

"I'm cutting the goom," replied the student.

"You've got the wrong tooth," roared the man; and seizing the hand of the operator, he wrenched it violently away; when springing up and spitting out the blood, he exclaimed—"You've cut my tongue half off!"

"Why didn't you keep your head still then?" said Dody.

"Still! you blundering toad you; and let you pull the wrong tooth? The one I wish to have drawn is on the other side of my mouth, and in the upper jaw instead of the under one."

"Very well; how should you know which I was cutting? You could'nt see it, and I could."

"Yes, but I could feel it though."

"Feeling is nothing at all to be compared to seeing," said the very scientific student. "I could see what I was about, while you was only feeling."

"Well, one thing I know," persisted the man, "you've got the wrong tooth."

"Very well," returned Dody, "just as you say. I'll pull any tooth you like; I aint at all particular about that."

The patient was presently seated once more, and opening wide his jaws, designated with his finger the particular tooth he wished to have extracted.

"I see it," said the student, beginning again to flourish his horse-fleam; "I'll get the right one

now, if there's any right too it." Then cutting freely round the tooth, he took the extracting instrument, and began to make a demonstration of applying it, when the patient charged him anew to be sure and get the right tooth.

"Don't put yourself in a pucker," replied the youth; "dost you think I've pulled a tooth afore to-day?" Then applying the instrument, he began to twist; but presently resting on his oars, he asked if it hurt.

"Out with it!" said the man, angrily stammering with the instrument in his mouth.

"Very well, sir," said Dody, and began to twist once more; but stopping again, while the patient writhed with pain, he inquired a second time, with singular humanity, if it did'nt hurt.

When the patient, ungrateful for all this attention to his feelings; instead of replying, merely, drew his fist and taking the operator on the side of the head, very nearly knocked him down. • Then imitating the language of the student, he asked in turn, "Does that hurt?"

Dody now raised his fist, and was about making a rejoinder in similar terms; but suddenly recollecting himself, he forebore to strike, saying it was his business to cure and not to kill; and that if the patient would allow him to apply the instrument once more, the tooth should come out pretty darned quick.

The patient acquiesced; but swore if he stopped

again to ask whether it hurt, he would break his good-for-nothing numskull for him.

"I meant it all in a civil way," returned the student, "and had no idear you'd be affronted about it. But I'll do the job to your liking now; I'll make the tooth hop like a parched pea; if I dont, then darn me! With that he applied the instrument, and giving it a sudden and forcible wrench, out came two teeth. "There!" said he, "was'nt that done slick."

"Oh! you've pulled my head off!" exclaimed the man, springing upon his feet, applying his hand to his jaw, groaning, roaring, and raving like a mad bull which has just shaken a mastiff from his nose.

"Well, 'twas done plaguy slick, was'nt it," said Dody, "for the first one?" thus in his exultation, betraying the ignorance which he had before had the cunning to conceal.

"The first one!" roared the man, with mingled rage and astonishment; "did'nt you just now tell me you had pulled many a one?"

"I wonder if I did!" returned the prudent youth.

"Yes, you did," said the patient. Then looking at the spoils of his mouth, which his pain had prevented his examining before, he broke out with new rage. "Confound your awkward soul! you've pulled two teeth, instead of one!"

"Well, you need'nt be so mad about it," return-

ed the student coolly, "I sha'nt charge you for more than one."

"Sha'nt charge!" No, I guess you wo'nt. I would'nt a had it pulled, that sound tooth for a bright silver dollar. It's enough to lose a rotten one."

"It's no loss to lose a rotten tooth though," replied the student, "and as for the sound one, that would have been rotten some time, if I had'nt pull'd it. I think it best to make a business of it when you're about it, and have a good number pulled at once. They come cheaper in that way."

"You had'nt ought to tax any thing for pulling ither of these, seeing you've made such a fist of it."

"Well, I told you I should'nt charge you for more than one."

"I'll be darned if I'll ever pay you that."

"It's no consarn of mine," returned the student, "you may settle it with Doctor Whistlewind."

The patient again bound up his jaws with the handkerchief; put the two extracted teeth in his pocket, to keep as a memorial of his sufferings; and bidding the student good day, left the shop.

Dodimus next tried his hand at a case of venesection. It was a few days after the operation just detailed, that two females, an old lady and her daughter, came into the shop and inquired for the doctor.

"He is'nt at home," answered the student.

"Not at home!" said the old lady. "I'm ama-

zing sorry for that. We've come three miles this morning o'purpose to be blooded."

"I'm the sort for that!" exclaimed the student.

"You!" said the old lady, who put on her glasses to examine him more minutely—"why I would'nt trust sich a young raw looking thing to blood our old cat."

"Wy, marm!" said the daughter, "how you talk! I dare say the young doctor understands blooding."

"I wonder if I do'nt!" returned the youth, considerably elevated by the flattering speech of the daughter. "I've been too long in the world not to understand a thing or two."

"I do'nt know about that," said the old lady, who eyed the youth suspiciously through her spectacles—"you look to me to be too young and raw."

"Wy, marm!" exclaimed the daughter again, "how can you call the young doctor raw?"

"Never mind that," returned the student, "your mother'll tell another guess story before she's a hundred years older."

"Well, perhaps I may," said the good lady, "but I've no idear of trusting sich a young looking chap, that I never see afore. I 'spose you're nothing but a mere prentice. No, no, I'll have nobody but a finished workman to blood me."

You hav'nt tried my bleeding yet," said the youth. "You don't know what for a shaver I am at the lance." Thus saying, he took out his lan-

cet, and began to flourish it between his thumb and finger, to impress the old lady with an idea of his skill and dexterity.

"You may put up your lance again," said she; "you aint a going to blood me by a jug full. I'll trust nobody but Doctor Whistlewind. He's blooded me every year for twenty years; and all that time I've been pure and hearty; I hav'nt had a sick day in all that time."

"What makes you get bled then?" said the youth.

"Oh, because," replied she, "I can't possibly do without it. And my dafter here, she gets blooded for the same reason. I think every body, that's well enough, ought to get blooded once a year."

"I'm just of your way of thinking," said Dodimus. "It's very good for the blood to take away a bowl full of now and then. It sweetens and insipificates it, as Doctor Whistlewind says."

"I'm sure," said the daughter, speaking to her mother, but so as to be heard by the student, "he talks quite doctorfied. I aint afraid to trust him to blood me. I don't believe he'll hurt half as much as the old doctor."

"You're always for the young men," said her mother.

"So would you be, if you was a young woman like me," returned the daughter. "For my part I don't like old doctors; they're so rough."

"Well, do jest as you please, Patty," returned

the old lady ; " but I'd wait one while, afore I'd trust a prentice to blood me. I think as like as not he'll cut your arm off."

" Gorree !" exclaimed the youth, as he surveyed the daughter's arm, now ready for the ligature," it would take a broad-axe to do that."

In fact the girl had an arm, which looked as though it was intended to be the stay and support of future generations. It was nearer the size of the waist of a modern fine lady after being wound up, than that of her arm before the sleeve is on. In short, it was, as Dodimus declared, as full of meat as it could hold.

He now began to apply the ligature, which he drew so tight, that the girl cried out with very pain.

" Oh !" exclaimed she, " how you do grip !"

" Grip !" returned the student—" that's nothing to what it would be, if you was going to have your arm cut off.

" You'll cut it off with the string," exclaimed the girl, writhing beneath the ligature.

" Don't you trouble yourself," said the youth ; I know what I'am about. I hav'nt been so long in the world for nothing." Then desiring her to support her arm by holding in her hand a broomstick, one end of which rested on the floor ; he handed her mother a bowl to catch the blood, then giving his lancet a thorough dip, he, by the merest accident in the world, hit the vein. The blood spouted vio-



lently forth, and taking the old lady full in the face, made her start suddenly back and drop the bowl, which was broken in a hundred pieces.

"Wy, marm!" exclaimed the daughter, "how you've smashed that bowl!"

"Smashed it!" said the mother, turning to a small looking glass which hung in the shop, "my face looks as if it was smashed too."

"Never mind the smashing," said the student. "Accidents will happen among the crockery sometimes. We disciples of Lapslapius can't always objurgate these little unavoidable mishaps, that will frequently happen now and then."

"But look here!" said the girl, "it's stopped bleeding."

The fact was, that Dodimus had drawn the ligature so tight as to stop the blood in the arteries; and, as a natural consequence, as soon as the veins below the ligature were emptied, the blood had ceased to flow. But the student, being little accustomed to dive into causes, was exceedingly puzzled at the phenomenon.

"What in the name of blood and jalap," said he, "is the meaning of all this? What under the light of the sun, and the moon, and the seven stars, is the reason the blood dont run? This beats me. As many folks as I've bled, I never saw the like before. It's a most unaccountable phelomenon; and there is but one way that I can account for it, and that is—"

"You hav'nt hit the right place," interrupted the old lady, who had been busy wiping the blood from her face.

"No, that aint it," said the daughter—"the string is tied too tight. My arm is all black and blue now, and as numb as any thing."

"There, do'nt neither of you know nothing about it," returned the student. "And how in the name of blood and jalap should you? You never studied medicine. Now I've gone deeply and superficially, as a body may say, into the subject, and I pronounce it to be a very extraordinary case."

"I pronounce you to be a gump, and no doctor," said the old lady.

"Well, we shall see how that is presently," said the student, taking from the shelf the odd volume on the practice of surgery. "I must consult into the case." After turning over the leaves awhile, he flung aside the book, saying there was no use in it, and that a man might as well look for a needle in a haymow, as for such an extraordinary case in any doctor book.

"But I think," said he, taking out his snuff box and giving two or three professional taps, which he had learned from his master—"I think I begin to see into the case now."

"Oh, how numb it is!" exclaimed the girl, dropping the broom-stick from her hand, and at the same time loosening the ligature."

"The peri-o-steam," continued Dody, without noticing what she was about, "must have got between the veny-calfy and the angry-post substance, and so stopped the blood."

"It begins to run again!" exclaimed the girl.

"What begins to run?" said the student, starting suddenly from the profundity of his thoughts.

"What begins to run?" echoed the girl—"wy, the blood; and 'twould a run before, if it had'nt been corded so tight."

"May be so," said the youth, as he looked about for another vessel to catch the blood, and may be not. He was in truth convinced that the young woman was right; but deemed it beneath the dignity of a medical student to confess his error plainly; and he proceeded—"There's a great many strange things, young woman, to be taken into consideration. There is some things that seem to be thus and so, this way and that way; but when you come to look into the matter, they're neither one way nor tother. Medical truth is one thing, and physical truth is another. You think the arm was tied too tight—"

"I know 'twas," said the girl, "for as soon as I loosened the string, it begun to bleed again."

"All that may be too," said the learned student; "but still nevertheless that does'nt prove nothing. I've no doubt, as I said before, that the angry-post

substance was obtunderated by the peri-o-steam; and thus the blood was stópt."

"I think it's high time it was stópt," said the old lady; it's already blooded a quart, besides what flew in my face."

Dody now removed the ligature; but the blood was not readily disposed to stop. Lint, flour, puff-ball (a species of dried mushroom,) and twenty other things, besides bandages, were applied; but all to no purpose. The blood obstinately continued to flow.

"Elevate your arm," said the student, who accidentally hit upon a mode of arresting the current; or perhaps recollected to have seen Doctor Whistlewind employ the same means—"elevate your arm," repeated he—"more—more still—raise it up in a slanting, horizontal position, as high as your head."

By attending to these judicious directions, so clearly and learnedly expressed, the blood was at length stanché. But here the student was in a quandary, lest, as soon as the arm was let down, the blood should begin to flow again.

"How long must I hold it up? asked the girl, who was beginning to get impatient.

"How long?" said the student—"why, for that matter—you must—hold it up, and—hold it up, and—keep holding it up."

How long the patient followed these directions, *is not precisely known*. She pretty soon left the

office with her mother ; and as she lived many years afterwards in good health, it is presumed her arm did not bleed so as to do her any material injury.

## CHAPTER II.

*Dodimus sent to Visit a Patient by himself—Important Feeling on the occasion—Commendable Speed—Auspicious Prophecies of the People—Examination of the Patient—Remarkable Diagnosis—Variety of Diseases at the Same Time—A Prescription for Each—How to treat Thirst—A Second Visit—A Notable Discovery—Eating a Fox.*

Besides little jobs of practice in the shop, for which Dodimus soon became famous, he was after a while permitted by his master to visit now and then a patient by himself. On these occasions he felt, not only all his native importance, but likewise that which he derived from his situation as a student of Doctor Whistlewind; and, what was still more gratifying, that of being allowed to manage a case by his own judgment and skill. A boy with his first pair of trowsers; a girl with her first lover; a member of Congress with his first speech; a game cock after his first triumph—never had a more feeling sense of their importance, than Dodimus when setting out to visit his first patient.

Not being as yet provided with a pair of saddle bags of the true professional stamp, he made use

of the large ones in which he had stowed away his clothes and eatables when he first came to Doctor Whistlewind's. These he stuffed full of every kind of medicine which the shop afforded, so as to be provided for any emergency.

Thus prepared, he mounted his horse, put on the stick, and rode as though the lives of all the people in the world depended upon his speed. The inhabitants ran out of their houses and stared as he passed, and some of them called out to know who was sick.

"I cant stay to answer any questions now," said the student; "I'm sent for in the most extravagant haste, to see a man that's dying, and I hav'nt time to say ay, yes, nor no. I beg you wont distract me."

Thus saying, on he went, faster if possible than before; while the good people, admiring his commendable zeal and attention to the wants of the sick, did not fail to prophesy that he would turn out the most extraordinary physician that had ever been known in those parts, not even excepting Doctor Whistlewind.

"I like," said one, to see a doctor stir himself; to see him go over the ground as though he had some life."

"You're just of my way of thinking," said another; "a man, who is going to save the lives of other people, must'nt be dead himself."

"No, that he must'nt," said a third; "a dead

person is fit for nothing upon airth but to be burried. Now this young Doctor Duckworth is none of your lifeless chaps; he moves as though he had some compunction on the sick."

"I've always had a great notion of Doctor Whistlewind," said the first, "but really I must confess this young doctor beats him all to nothing in riding; and it's there that a doctor shows his abilities if he has any."

Meanwhile Dodimus arrived at the house of his patient. He was a poor man, and on that account he was the more willingly turned over to the student for his first essay. He was lying on his back, afflicted with an acute rheumatism, so that he could scarcely stir hand or foot.

Dodimus entered the room with that consequential air, which he thought due to the station he was deputed to fill, and putting down his saddle bags, he drew a chair to the bed side of the patient.

"How long have you been sick?" said he.

"Two or three days," replied the patient.

"You ought to have sent for me before," said the student.

"I did'nt send for you at all," returned the patient. "I sent for Doctor Whistlewind."

"It's all the same thing, replied" the student; "we both belong to one shop. Let me feel of your pulse." With that seizing hold of the wrist of the poor man, he made him cry out with pain.



"What's the matter?" asked the youth—"do I hurt?"

"Oh! I guess you do. My wrist is so sore I can't have you touch it."

"But I must touch it though. How am I to prognosticate without?"

"Well, handle it carefully, do, if you must handle it. Do'n't you see how red it is, and swelled?"

"I see it. Your pulse is amazing powerful. You're got an information of the joints. You must have 'em rubbed with hot brandy and pepper."

"Oh, Doctor! they're so hot now I can't bear them any hotter."

"The hotter they are, the sooner the information will cease."

"And the sooner I shall cease too, Doctor," said the patient with a deploring air.

"You don't understand these things," returned the student, "and therefore you'll please to follow my inscriptions. I know what's best for you."

"Well I dare say you do, doctor, but—"

"Run out your tongue. A little further. There—that'll do. It's as white as flour. You've got an incarcerated fever. You must take some antinomian wine and sperits of nater, mixed with a little lixir propotaters."

Dodimus next inquired into the state of the alimentary canal; and, in reply to the information received, told the patient he had the conglomerated counteraction; and must take a powerful dose of

gobbler's salts combined with a small portion of seneca's snake-root, a little rhubub, a little jalap, and a few grains of intertwistic root, in order to accelerate the primer-vyer and increase the pestilential motion.

Thus the student went on, examining the symptoms of his patient, and prudently prescribing for each one as he went along. "How is't about drink?" continued he—"do you feel much dry?"

"Oh, very," returned the patient; "seems if I could drink all before me."

"Eh! that's a bad symptom, and must be contracted at once. You must'nt drink a drop of any thing until you get over it.

"Oh, doctor! I shall die with thirst, if you don't let me have any thing to drink. I can never stand it."

"But you must stand it. You must follow my inscriptions evasively. You must'nt depart from 'em the smallest particular."

"But I can't live without drink, when I'm so dry, I shall choke to death."

"Better be choked to death, than be killed with drinking. I tell you, man, the symptom must be contracted; must be confirmed in the bud. I know the difference between pork and pease; or ought to at least."

"I don't doubt but what you do, doctor, but—"

Here the student interrupted him by inquiring still further into the symptoms of his complaint;

prescribing some ten or a dozen more different medicines ; and charging him anew to follow his inscriptions, as he called them, in every particular. He then proceeded to deal out the medicines and to give directions to the patient's wife how they were to be taken. But as she declared it was impossible to remember so many different things, he concluded it was best to mix the whole together, and simply direct her to give two table spoonfuls every quarter of an hour.

"This, said he," will be the safest way, and prevent all mistakes ; besides, if the patient takes all the medicines, he may as well take them all together, as apart. Each one of 'em, I've no doubt, will go the right place, and do its own proper execution.

Just as he was about taking his leave, the patient asked him if he thought his complaint was any thing more than the rheumaties.

"Rheumaties!" exclaimed the youth—"I tell you, sir, you've got an information of the joints ; an incarcerated fever ; a conglomerated counteraction ; and a dry drouth ; besides several other complaints of less consequence."

Having given the poor man this comfortable assurance, he took his leave, promising to call again to-morrow. It was on this second visit that he

made a notable discovery, which I will presently relate.\*

A few days before, on a professional visit with Doctor Whistlewind, he had heard the latter charge the patient with having eaten apples, contrary to all the rules of diet in such cases made and provided. The patient humbly acknowledged the charge to be just, and promised, in compliance with the doctor's directions, to be more cautious in future.

But by what means had Doctor Whistlewind discovered that his patient had been eating the forbidden fruit? This was a question that had puzzled

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\* A similar story is well known. The principal difference is, the substitution of oysters for apples, and a horse for a fox. Thus we see how strangely accounts will vary in going abroad!

That Dodimus Duckworth was the student, who, following the same ingenious mode of reasoning as his master, arrived at the conclusion so much celebrated, no person, I will venture to say, who has read the foregoing pages, will pretend for a single moment to doubt. Who else could have done it? To say nothing of the indubitable records of history, which are very clear on this point--and not to mention the testimony of the Reverend Dr. Conn, an octogenarian now living in Toppingtown--there is internal evidence in the character of Dodimus Duckworth, that he, and he only was the man.

Then as to the main points of difference between the two stories. That it was apples and not oysters, is not only evident from the testimony above mentioned, but likewise from the circumstance that Toppingtown is entirely inland, and between forty and fifty miles from the sea-board: so that, considering the condition of the roads and the state of travel at the period whereof I write, it is highly improbable that oysters should be brought thither in the shell. And that it was a fox and not a horse, is rendered further evident from the fact, that the patient was a poor man, and therefore not likely to be the owner of a horse; that he was an honest man, and therefore not likely to steal one--to say nothing of the greater probability, drawn from the size of the two animals, that the patient should eat the fox rather than the horse.

Dodimus exceedingly at the time; and he could not help wondering at the extraordinary insight of his master, who as Hubibras has it,

“ Could see things not to be seen.”

As soon as they were alone therefore he asked him how under the sun he had discovered that the patient had been eating apples; as, for his part, he had seen no signs of it whatever.

“ But I did though,” returned the master—“ I saw the parings under the bed.”

Dodimus kept this in mind; and, on his second visit to the poor man with the rheumatism, espying the stuffed skin of one Reynard under the bed, he told his patient he had been eating a fox.

“ A fox!” exclaimed the sick man, with astonishment. “ I eat a fox! Why, doctor, I’d as soon eat a rattle-snake.”

“ All that may be too,” returned the student; “ but nevertheless, notwithstanding, that does’nt prove nothing. I perceive very clearly that you have been eating a fox; and there is no use in denying it to a man of my penetration.”

The protestations of the poor man and his wife were all to no purpose. Dody insisted upon it that he could not be deceived; that the patient had done a very rash act; that a fox was at all times very improper diet; and that on the present occasion, it would in all probability cost him his life.

The student returned home, and in reply to his

master's inquiries after the health of his patient, he pronounced, with a solemn shake of his head—

“He's a dead man.”

“How! Dead!”

“Not altogether dead at present. But he soon will be: he's been eating a fox.”

“Eating a fox! Haw, haw, haw!” exclaimed the master, bursting into a broad laugh. “Eating a fox, ha?”

“You make light of it!” said the student, very much vexed. “But it's no trifling matter I take it for a sick man to eat a fox.”

“So I think too,” returned Doctor Whistlewind. “But what makes you think your patient has such an extravagant appetite—such a *cackolethes cacko-landi*, as Slapscapius says—as to eat a fox?”

“I saw the skin under the bed.”

“Haw, haw, haw!” roared Doctor Whistlewind again.

This was too bad, to ridicule the effect of the doctrine he had himself taught; for it was by a parity of reasoning, that the student had arrived at the same conclusion in relation to the fox, that his master had done in regard to the apples.

The student began to be downright angry. “It's a poor rule,” said he “that won't work both ways at once; and though you are a man of more learning and skill than I, it's no reason why I shouldn't be right about the fox, as well as you about the apples.”

"Why, you must recollect, young man," said the doctor, "that there's no general rule without an exception."

"Yes, but there is, though," replied the youth. "Now supposing a man had his mouth as full as it could possibly hold of hasty-pudding; he could'nt get in any more, could he?"

"I should rather think not," replied the doctor.

"So I was thinking," rejoined the student, triumphantly.

"But it's no slight matter," returned the doctor, "for a sick man to eat a fox."

"So much the worse for him then," said the student; and if it's hurtful to a sick person to eat apples, what must it be to eat a fox."

Notwithstanding, however, these forcible arguments of the student, and his ill bodings respecting the fate of his patient; the latter got well in due time, by neglecting his prescriptions and leaving the management of his case to Dame Nature.

### CHAPTER III.

*Close of the Studies of Dodimus—His improvement in Industry—Making Love—Sage Reflections thereon—Susan Lovejoy—A Gallant Revenge—Success of Dodimus in Courtship—Some of the Causes thereof—His Rivals—Their Threats and Annoyance—Caught by their own Devices—New Attempts at Revenge—The Ghosts of the Bridge—Triumph of Dodimus.*

THREE years, the usual term for a medical student, at length passed away; and Dodimus was ready to burst upon the world a full-fledged practitioner of physic and surgery. Those years, considering his former idle habits, had been on the whole rather busily employed. But a small part of the time, however, had been passed in the study of books. He had glanced at the volumes on surgery and the practice of physic, pretty much in the same manner as I have before mentioned he did that on anatomy; after which very cursory survey, he seldom unfolded the leaves of either.

But Doctor Whistlewind had too extensive a practice, and was a man of too driving a disposition to allow a student of his to be idle; though the study of books was no part of his requirements. As




he was engaged most of the time in visiting patients, the business of the shop was to be attended to in his absence. Besides the preparation of medicines ; patients were to be bled ; teeth were to be drawn ; ulcers were to be dressed ; and physic was to be dealt out to such patients as were able to come for it in person.

These things, together with accompanying the doctor often on his professional visits, as well as occasionally visiting a patient by himself, would have compelled Dodimus to be industrious, even though he had inclined to idleness. But, to tell the truth, he had thrown off the idle, and most of the vicious habits of his earlier years ; and though he religiously followed the advice of his affectionate mother, not to hurt himself with hard study, he thought it beneath his dignity, as a medical student, to follow the vile and unprofitable courses which had distinguished his former life. He had an ambition, not to be learned nor scientific, but to distinguish himself as a stirring, active, and bustling young man ; who would be likely to make a figure in the world ; and who, at all events, would not fail in his profession for want of pushing himself forward.

But in the midst of all his other engagements, Dodimus found time to attend to the very important one of making love ; or, as the people expressed it, of going a courting. And who does the reader think was the favored object of his choice ?

Had I been writing a novel, this question would



hardly remain to be asked, in the present stage of my book. The heroine of a novel is usually introduced to the reader somewhere in the first fifty pages ; and after that, nothing but love, and trials, and troubles, and difficulties—the opposition of parents and guardians, and the jealousy of rivals—attend her until near the close of the last volume. In these delights and afflictions the hero of course bears his due share. Both are most prodigiously in love ; and both most exquisitely wretched.

But in writing this veracious history, I find neither room nor occasion for copious and extravagant love matters. I could not with propriety introduce in the early part of my book the lady who was to marry young Duckworth ; because I had his birth and education to care for ; his infancy and childhood to watch over ; and his growth and support, until he should arrive to the age of manhood, to provide for. I could not, as a faithful biographer, introduce him to the world full grown, as novelists are wont to do with their heroes. I could not consistently bring him in love in the early part of his biography, because I was obliged to wait for him to grow. And I was unwilling to pass lightly over his early years, both because I believed the history of those years would be some of the most interesting of his life, and because the foundation of character and of fortune, whether good or bad, is very apt to be laid in infancy and childhood.

But, fortunately, Cupid is not destined to figure

very largely in this work. He is a little fellow, and should not take up too much room; he is blind, and should therefore sit quietly in the chimney corner—by all which I mean that he should not go beyond his proper sphere, so as to bring mischief, troubles, and heart-aches upon mankind.

And herein is a marked difference between a biography and a novel. The latter makes love the leading object of the work; the theme of all the hopes and fears of the hero and the heroine; and the will-o'wisp that hurries the reader through brier and brake, through bog and fen, in breathless haste, to the winding-up of the story. While biography, on the other hand allows a greater diversity of interests to its object; among which are ambition, the love of money, literary fame, professional distinction, the cares of subsistence, broils and quarrels, sickness and health, and a variety of other matters, that go to make up the sum and substance of human life.

But while I have been carrying on this disquisition, the reader has doubtless been guessing who is the favored she of young Mr. Duckworth. And if he belongs to a downright guessing family, he is in all probability quite as wise as when he began. But as I hate mystery of every kind, and have been careful not to admit any into these pages, I may as well pronounce at once who is the object of the young man's regard: SUSAN LOVEJOY.

The reader will doubtless recollect the buxom

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daughter of the innkeeper at Crincumpaw; and the manner in which she received the advances of Dodimus on the first evening of their acquaintance. That reception was any thing but a *dry* one; and yet he did not in the least relish it. The indignity stuck in his crop, and he vowed revenge. But what revenge could he take of a pretty young woman, precisely of the right age, better than to woo and marry her? Such an one would be the most gallant, as well as the most sweet.

But Susan had really struck his fancy. Besides being fair to look upon, she was a spirited, lively, laughing girl. She knew how to take her own part, which was a virtue he had been taught by his mother to consider as of very great importance. At all events, his mind was made up to go a courting to the buxom daughter of Landlord Lovejoy. And in less than a month from the time she had so sponged his coat, he had asked her, in the accredited language of those days, if she would "stay with" him.

It was in the heel of the evening when he arrived at Landlord Lovejoy's and popped the question. Susan at first said nothing; but turned away her head, not so much to hide a blush as a laugh; which, remembering the pickle in which she had lately placed the young gallant, she could not well resist.

"I say, Sukey," repeated Dodimus, "will you stay with me—or wont you? Say in a minute. I've

come six miles on purpose to court you, and I've no idea of coming so far for nothing. So tell me, gal, in the twinkling of a pestle and mortar, what you'll do."

"You seem to be in a monstrous hurry upon my word," said the girl.

"So I'd need to be," returned the student, "for I've got two other gals in my eye, in case you dont like me; and I must be off to see them. So say what you'll do at once, and not turn away your face, snickering there like a striped squirrel in a wall, Will you stay with me, or no?"

"Have you the impudence to think I will?"

"Yes, by golly! and darned quick too." As he said this, the gallant youth threw his arm round her waist, and confirmed his opinion, as well as enforced his request, by a hearty smack; which, as she did not seem greatly to resent, he considered as a very sufficient indication of her compliance.

It is not my intention to unfold the mysteries of love, or expose the secrets of courtship, which, like those of the *Bona Dea*, should be held sacred. It is not my intention to describe the looks, the words, and the actions of the lovers in their private interviews; to record the number of kisses given and received; nor to assert positively, whether those kisses were given on the cheek or the lips; though, I will barely take the liberty to say, I opine the latter; both because the lover was a very gallant youth; and because Susan Lovejoy had a pair of

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lips, which no youth, whether gallant or not, could well let alone.

Suffice it to say that Dodimus went regularly every Sunday evening to see his mistress—arriving a little after dark—and coming away as regularly on Monday morning, sometime between two o'clock and sunrise. Having a good horse at his command, and a pretty girl to visit, he considered it no hardship at all to gallop half a dozen miles of an evening, although he was obliged to trot back again the same distance the next morning.

It is not a mere matter of accident, nor is it to avoid tautology, that I use the word *trot* in the latter clause of the last sentence. How it should happen, I cannot tell; but it is an indisputable fact that though the lover found no difficulty whatever in making his horse gallop all the way to Crincumpaw, he never could get him into more than a trot on his return.

There were originally two important questions for the lover to ask, namely: Will you *stay with* me?—Will you *have* me? In what manner Susan answered the first, I have already recorded. To the second she replied—

“Will I have you? To be sure I will, and two more just like you, if I could get'em.”

“Oh! now,” said the lover, “that’s too extravagant for one gal! You must take me alone, or not at all.”

“Very well, then I’ll take you alone, seeing you

These rivals endeavored to frighten young Duckworth away by hard threats. The blacksmith swore he would beat his numbskull into a horse-shoe; the farmer-and-cooper declared he would harrow his soul-case, and bung up his eyes for him; and the pedagogue-shoemaker threatened to flog him, until he became as soft as a ball of wax in June.

But Dodimus was not a man to yield to his rivals, even had they been more numerous and more powerful. He told them plainly, that if they ever dared to cross his path, he would make day-light shine through them in the drawing of a lance.

"But I won't trust your lance," said the blacksmith, "nor none of the rest of your doctor's tools."

"I don't care for that," returned the spunky youth—"there's more ways than one to kill a cat."

"I spose you'll physic us, wont you?" said the farmer-cooper—but mind ye, sir," added he, "I won't take none o'your tateromatticks."

"But I can cure you of your longing, for all that," returned the student.

"I suppose you hav'nt any notion of using the oil of birch, have you?" said the pedagogue-shoemaker.

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laborious occupation in the summer; and, not to mention other instances, there are whole townships, where nearly every farmer, while not immediately employed in cultivating the earth, drives the trade of a cooper.

DOCTOR DUCKWORTH.

"Or the ile of spikes?" said the son of Vulcan.

"Dont you be too exquisite," said the student; and then added, with an air of professional mystery "you'll know soon enough what I'll use."

As there was no chance for either of his rivals, they one after another abandoned the contest and retired from the field; being reduced to this measure rather by the dislike or indifference of Susan, than by any very serious dread of the vengeance of her more favored lover. But though neither of them had any chance of success, it was in their power to throw petty obstacles and vexations in the way of their fortunate rival.

Though they had been rivals to one another, as well as to young Duckworth, one common disappointment had united them in a common desire for revenge. They were resolved that he should not enjoy his triumph in peace; and sundry plans were laid to effect their object. One of these was, to waylay him on his return from one of his courting visits, and give him a ducking in Deacon Hopper's mill-pond. Being three to one, they succeeded without much difficulty in getting him into the water. But here he had the advantage of them; for in the midst of his former idle habits, he had at least learnt one good thing, to wit, the art of swimming—an art of which his rivals were unfortunately ignorant. Their design was merely to plunge him in over head and ears, without letting go of his heels. But they had no sooner got him to the water's



edge, prepared to duck him in fine style, than by a sudden effort, disengaging his feet, he dragged two of them in with him ; and the third, in attempting to help his coadjutors, got in over head and ears himself. When floundering in the mill-pond, they thought no more of their revenge, but began to bawl out lustily for help.

"Ha, my duckies!" said Dody, "hav'nt you got help enough? Three to one, I should say, was *squankum suff.* as Doctor Whistlewind says."

"Help! help! help!" roared they.

"What the devil do you want more help for?" said the student, "would you drown a poor fellow?"

"I shall drown!" said the blacksmith.

"What! Iron is too heavy to swim I suppose?" returned the student, who was quietly floating on the water.

"I shall drown!" said the farmer-cooper, plunging about, and blowing the water from his mouth.

"Oh, that I had a barrel to float upon!"

"Shall I go and get you one?" said the student, making a feint for the shore.

"Stay! help! help!" exclaimed the pedagogue shoemaker.

"Just as you say," returned the student. "I'll stick to you like wax, if you insist upon it."

By this time Deacon Hopper, who had heard the cry, came running down with a lantern in his hand and a nightcap on his head. But being rather infirm with the weight of years, and little accustomed

to swimming, he could not render much assistance, and the drowning trio were chiefly indebted to their hated rival for bringing them safe to land.

"How in the name of heaven," said the Deacon, after the rescue, "did you all come in my mill-pond?"

"These three fellows," said Dody, who was wringing the water out of his clothes, "are my patients, and have just been taking the cold bath according to my inscription."

"But how came you in with them?"

"They could'nt go in without me, so I was obliged to humor 'em.

"Ah, young man, I doubt you're a graceless rogue, and hay'nt the fear of God before your eyes."

"How comes on the Lord's toll-cup, ha, Deacon?"

"Hush! hush!" said the Deacon, giving him a nudge.

"Have you got corn enough to build that meeting-house yet?"

"Are you crazy, young man?"

"No, Deacon, not by a jug full; but I should like a little drop of your boiled cider. I understand you have some that's ginuwine. It would be a fine thing to keep a body from catching cold."

"Walk in, young man—walk in, all of you, and take a drop of cider," said the miller, who was glad to purchase the silence of Dody on the subject of

the toll-cup at so cheap a rate as a mug or two of cider, of which, from any more generous motive, he would not have given a drop.

Dodimus went in and drank heartily of the boiled cider; while his rivals, ashamed of their feat, and more especially of their defeat, slunk silently away to their respective homes.

But they were not satisfied with this experiment; and pretty soon united their endeavours to give him further annoyance. As he was returning at another time from a wooing expedition, he saw just before him what he took to be three ghosts—at least they were clad in ghostly fashion, being white from head to foot. They were standing in a row across a narrow bridge, as if to oppose his passage. The horse, which had descried them even sooner than his master, began to snort and to run back, while the student keeping his eyes fixed on the ghostly figures, felt his whole flesh, as it were, begin to creep. His eyes glared like a wild cat's in the dark, his teeth chattered, and he had an ague fit.

In this condition he continued for some time; but the ghosts not being disposed to vanish, he resolved to make a virtue of necessity and ride over them, justly reasoning with himself that if they were disposed to work him mischief, they could as well effect it off the bridge as on. But as he put his horse forward, they simultaneously raised their arms, as much as to say, there's no passage here. The horse again snorted and ran back, and Dodi-

mus was fain to stop and consider what was next to be done. The ghosts, it was pretty evident, had come there for some special purpose; they had doubtless something particular to communicate, of which he was chosen the special depository. But ghosts, as he well knew, are singularly modest, and never speak until they are spoken to. He therefore resolved to address them, which he did by inquiring what in God's name they wanted.

"You must resign all pretensions to Susan Lovejoy," said one, in a voice which though intended to be ghostly and hollow, sounded marvellously like that of the pedagogue shoemaker.

"What! resign Sukey Lovejoy!"

"Ay," "You must give her up," said a second, in a voice that sounded as though it came from an empty barrel.

"I give her up! What, give up Sukey Lovejoy, that I've been courting so long, and promised to be married to!"

"You must never see her again," said the third, in a voice that seemed to come from a throat of iron.

"How shall I marry her then?" honestly asked the student.

"You must promise not to marry her at all," returned the first voice.

"I'll see you in tophet first," exclaimed the student, who, in his honest indignation, forgot the rev-

erence he might otherwise have thought due to the ghostly speaker.

“ We have just come from there,” said the iron voice.

“ You have, ha?” said the student—“ Then you may go back there as soon as you please, for I’ll never give up my sweetheart to you nor any ghost that ever wore hair.” Thus excited, and not, for the moment, having the fear of apparitions before his eyes, he put stick to his horse, and before they could make any effectual resistance, or indeed stand fairly out of his way, he dashed over the bridge.

“ Oh! Oh! I’m dead,” exclaimed one—“ the horse has trod my liver out.”

Dodimus was making away with all speed; but when he heard this exclamation, he wheeled round and inquired if a ghost really had a liver.

“ I’m no ghost,” returned the groaning man; “ but I soon shall be, unless I get help.”

“ Seems to me I know that voice,” said the student.

“ My name is Peter Strap,” said the overthrown ghost.

“ I thought as much,” replied the student, who now began to speak in a very confident tone. “ I was sure you couldn’t be honest ghosts, or else you wouldn’t make such an extravagant demand. So! You’re the three fellows that like to have got drowned in Deacon Hopper’s mill-pond, ha?”

“ Don’t mention it, I beg on you—but ride home as fast as you can, and send Doctor Whistlewind to mend up my poor carcass. My ribs are all smashed in, and my liver is torn to flitters. I wish Susan Lovejoy had been —”

“ Don’t say any thing against Sukey!” roared the student.

“ Well, do ride home quick, will you, and send Doctor Whistlewind ?”

The Student was kind enough to do as he was desired. As for the poor schoolmaster, he was borne by his companions to the nearest house, and though badly hurt, was enabled, under the care of Doctor Whistlewind, to get about again in the course of six months. But he was obliged to resign the trade of a shoemaker; never being able, after the injury he had received, to bend as formerly over his last. With this unlucky attempt of the three rivals, ended their annoyance of the more fortunate lover.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Settling in Practice—Sending for Medicines, &c.—A Puzzling Array of Hard Names—Preliminaries to Matrimony—A Wedding—Dress of the Happy Couple—Parson Grossbeak—The Ceremony Performed—Extra Gallantry of the Bridegroom—Clerical Advice—Agreeably Interrupted—A Motherly Lecture—Interrupted by a Dutiful Son—Good Liquors—Mirth and Humor—Close of the Evening.*

IT was now necessary for Dodimus to pitch upon some place, where he might settle as a practitioner of the healing art. His mother wished him to locate in his native town, that she might have him near her; and especially, that she might be a witness, as she said, to the mortal cures which she believed he was destined to perform.

But as a prophet has no honor in his own country, so a young physician is least likely to get business in the place where he has past the years of his childhood and youth. There many persons have grown up together with him, and others have known him from infancy to manhood; and it is not easy to persuade them that such an one, whom but yesterday, as it were, they beheld a smutty boy, is to-day qua-

lified to take charge of their health, and be intrusted with their lives.

How much weight these considerations had with a man so confident of his own powers, as Dodimus Duckworth, I shall not positively undertake to decide. But there were other reasons, which of themselves would have prevented his settling in his native village. He had fixed his mind upon Crin-cumpaw. There lived his sweetheart, and there lived and flourished Landlord Lovejoy, who had the name of making the best flip within twenty miles. It was no difficult matter for the father and the daughter, with their various powers of persuasion, to induce the young physician to settle in their neighbourhood.

This matter being resolved upon, it was now necessary to be provided with a stock of medicines, and with surgical instruments. These could not be obtained nearer than Boston; and, as the journey would be attended with considerable expense, and his funds were rather limited, DOCTOR Duckworth (for so it is now high time to call him) sent by a farmer, who was going to market, to purchase the necessary articles for him.

“What shall I inquire for?” asked the farmer.

“In the first place I want a set of surgery instruments,” answered the doctor, “for you know I’m going to be one of the most notorious surgeons that ever lopped a leg or bored a skull.”

“No, I don’t know it,” said the farmer, “for



the proof of the pudden is in eating the bag, as the saying is, and I've never seen none of your performances yet."

"Wait till I get my instruments," returned the doctor, "and then you'll tell another guess story."

"May be so—but what else do you want?"

"What else? why I want a whole sortment of medicines."

"What sort of medicines?"

"Why, a thousand sorts. I want jalap, and callowmill, and rhubub, and ipplecack, and rad-rhumbo, and cort-pluvio, and sach-satan—"

"Sack Satan!" exclaimed the farmer, "do you doctors use such infarnal medicines as that?"

"That's merely the Latin," returned Duckworth, "which I suppose you don't understand."


"Not I," replied the farmer, "I never run my nose against the walls of a college yet."

"Nor I, neither," returned Duckworth, "but that's no reason why I should'nt understand Latin, seeing I have been in a doctor's shop three years. But let me see, what was the last thing I mentioned?"

"Something about Satan in a bag, I believe."

"Ah, yes, sach-satan; and then, besides, I want some pulv-dusti, some fol-seena, some flor-chamomile—"

"*Floor* chamomile!" interrupted the farmer, "that's a thing I never heard on afore; we have *garden* chamomile, as much as you could shake a



stick at in a month: would'nt that answer your purpose?"

"No, it's flor-chamomile that I want; then, let me see, I must have some gum assafit—"

"That's what my wife takes for the highsterics."

"It's very good for them things; and then, besides, I want some vinum-ant, some sal-gob, some sal-monuck, some—"

"Fie! fie on you, doctor! how many gals do you want? can't you be content with Sukey Lovejoy?"

"You misunderstand me," said the doctor, a little animated at the mention of his sweet-heart, with whom he declared any reasonable man ought to be satisfied. "It is not," continued he, "any womankind that I want; but a sort of medicines we doctors call *sal*, and very perspicacious they are too. But let me think—I want, moreover, a quantity of bix-burgun, of emplast-hyde, of lap-infernal—"

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the farmer, "you've mentioned more of your infarnal outlandish medicines, than I remember in a whole year. Write 'em down, do, I beg on you."

"I'm in a great hurry, just now," said Duckworth, who wanted some excuse to get clear of writing, "I have a thousand things to attend to. I've got to get me a new pair of saddle-bags, and a house to live in, and a shop to put my medicines in, and—I don't know how many other things to

contract my attention, or else I'd write with the greatest pleasure. But I'm sure you can remember the articles, I'll name 'em over again."

"Don't, I beg on you ; the more you name 'em, the more I shall be puzzled ; you must write 'em down."

"Well, if I must, I must," said the doctor, and accordingly the list was made out, and the farmer started on his journey for the metropolis.

While waiting for the supply of his shop, Doctor Duckworth thought he could not be better employed than in getting married. Many professional men labor on from year to year, enduring all the discomforts of the single state, in order to acquire the means of supporting a wife. Not so with Doctor Duckworth : he chose to begin the world by taking to himself a spouse, and leaving it to time and fortune to give them the means of support. It was a propensity, as I have already mentioned, of the Duckworth family to get married early ; and, in point of gallantry, Dodimus was not a whit behind the spunkiest of his ancestors ; besides, he had understood that it was no detriment to a doctor's practice, especially among the fairer part of creation, that he should be a married man.

He had already taken the preliminary steps required by law, namely, the publishment of the bans. This was done on three successive Sundays, both in the churches of Cornbury and Crincumpaw. The town-clerk, rising at the close of divine service,

and speaking aloud through his nose, thus proclaimed :

*“ Doctor Dodimus Duckworth, of Cornbury, and Miss Susan Lovejoy, of Crincumpaw, intend marriage.”*

These were the usual terms in which the bans of marriage were wont to be published. But it was left to the option of the lovers whether they would be published *viva voce*, that is to say, cried in the congregation in the manner above mentioned ; or whether they would choose to be posted, *i. e.* nailed up near the entrance of the church, on a narrow slip of paper, for the gaze and perusal of the public. Dodimus preferred the former, alleging that it looked too much like advertising a stray horse, to be stuck up for three weeks on a bit of paper ; besides, he was not afraid to be cried before the congregation, nor the world, along with such a handsome gal as Sukey Lovejoy—not he. Susan did not object to the crying—though she was none of your weeping damsels. But when the town-clerk, at Crincumpaw, rattled her name through his nose, and all eyes were turned to the pew where she sat, she held down her head, and blushed to the very edge of her bonnet.

The happy day arrived, or rather the happy evening, which was to make one flesh out of the learned and enterprising Doctor Duckworth, and the sprightly and blooming Susan Lovejoy. The wedding guests were assembled at her father's,

consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth, the parents of the doctor, and sundry aunts, uncles, and cousins, on both sides, together with such of the good people at Crincumpaw, as Susan, or her father, thought proper to invite. There were also John Conn and William Brunson, the former of whom was then a student of divinity, with the Rev. Mr. Grossbeak, of Crincumpaw; and the latter a student of law with Mr. Warranty, of Toppingtown. Duckworth had not forgotten the various plots and tricks wherein he had been outwitted by these young men in their school-boy days. But they were merely remembered as things of childhood, which were not to be taken into the account of the full grown man. If they had more than once outwitted him by superiority of invention, he had more than once overcome them by superiority of strength; and he was willing to consider the account as balanced. Besides, to tell the whole truth, he wished them to be spectators of his singular success in getting so soon married, and to so pretty a wife, in hopes they would, nearly, or quite burst with envy.

The company were convened in a large square room, near the middle of which sat the happy couple, who were soon to be made happier by being made one. Nearly opposite, in a large arm-chair which he filled admirably, sat Parson Grossbeak ready to tie the knot. Susan was clad in a white gown, with a wide pink ribband round her waist; and Dodi-

mus had on white breeches, yellow waist-coat, and sky-blue coat. This latter was his favourite color; and as it was the one in which he had first become acquainted with his Dulcinea, so he declared it should be that in which she should first call him husband. The dress of Parson Grossbeak was black, except his reverend wig, which was grey. As for the rest of the company, not having any record whereon to draw, I am led to suspect they wore whatever was most accordant with their taste, or their convenience.

The parson began by demanding the certificates of publication, which Dodimus promptly handed to him, and enclosed therein two silver dollars by way of marriage fee—being a larger sum than the law required, and, indeed, in those days of prudence and economy, esteemed a very generous one. Parson Grossbeak, who had received many a comfortable piece of money in a similar way, carefully unfolded the certificates, and seeing the two bright pieces, his eye gleamed with great satisfaction. He spent a minute perusing the contents, and then slipping the papers into one waistcoat pocket, and the silver into the other, he said—

“All is right, Doctor Duckworth.” Then having signified that they should offer up a petition to heaven, the whole company rose, and the parson standing behind his arm-chair, on the knobs of which he rested his hands, offered up a short preliminary prayer suited to the occasion. Then directing the

couple to take each other by the right hand ; and having made him promise, among other things, to love, comfort, and cherish—and her to love, honor and obey—he pronounced them before high heaven to be man and wife ; and declared, that what God had joined together, no man should put asunder.

“ I should like to see the man that would undertake it,” exclaimed the doctor, putting his arm round his wife’s waist, and giving her a hearty smack.

This bold and somewhat novel movement a little discomposed the parson, and set the whole audience a tittering. But presently recovering himself, Mr. Grossbeak, again placing his hands on the knobs of his chair, putting on a grave and composed countenance, and closing his eyes, signified that they should once more unite in a petition to heaven—praying, among other things, that the young couple might bear in mind the end and aim of the holy rite which had just been solemnized—to wit, the multiplying and replenishing of the earth ; that the wife might be fruitful as the vine, and that children might grow up like olive plants around their table.

Having finished, the parson, according to custom, bade the bridegroom salute the bride.

“ I have done it already,” said the doctor, “ but if you insist upon it, I’ll do it over again.” With that he gave her a smack that sounded like the cracking of a bottle of champagne ; nor did he

stop here, but was going on to repeat, when the parson, endeavouring to look grave, exclaimed, "There ! there ! that will do for the present."

"Well, any way to please you," said the bridegroom, quietly seating his wife, and placing himself by her side.

The parson, again seated in his arm-chair, began to give the married couple some good advice, touching upon sundry matters and things which are supposed requisite to the harmony and good understanding of married life. He was proceeding in this way, when Dodimus interrupted him by inquiring how long he had been married, and whether he had himself observed all the rules he was laying down to them. The parson, who had no idea of being thus catechised, was a little puzzled what to answer, when he was very opportunely relieved by the landlord, who whispering that he had something important to communicate, conducted him to another room.

"Rather dry business that," said the landlord, alluding to the moral lecture just interrupted. "Here's something now," pointing to several bottles on a table, "that a man may contemplate with unmixed pleasure. How will you have it, Mr. Grossbeak, mixed, or unmixed ?

"Mixed," replied the parson, looking with a complacent countenance upon the goodly array of bottles before him.

"What will you please to take, brandy, gin, or



St. Croix?" said the landlord, putting some sugar and water into a capacious tumbler, and beginning briskly to exercise the toddy-stick.

"Gin," returned the parson.

"I'll take a little too," said the landlord, putting in a double portion; then stirring it up well, he offered it to the parson.

"Drink," said the latter, motioning back the cup.

"After you, Mr. Grossbeak," said the complaisant publican, with a low bow, "after you is manners: heaven forbid that I should take precedence of a man of your cloth."

The parson needed little urging to lead the way in a good cause; wherefore taking the brimming tumbler, he lowered its contents very considerably before he returned it to the landlord. The latter followed suite, and reducing them pretty well in his turn, passed the cup again to the parson, who drew upon it so deep this time, that the landlord easily finished it at a draught.

Meanwhile Mrs. Duckworth, the mother of the bridegroom, taking advantage of the clergyman's absence, began, in turn, to lecture the young couple on the duties and proprieties of the married state. "My children," said she, "it gives me most unbounded happiness to see you united, as you are at this moment, in the cannibal state."

"Cannibal state!" exclaimed John Conn, in a whisper to William Brunson, "what does she mean by that?"

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"She means that they are to eat one another up, I suppose," said Brunson.

"Cannibal state!" repeated Conn, still musing upon the strange use of the word; "Oh, I have it now, she must mean connubial."

"You have wrought a marvellous conversion with the word," said Brunson, "but that's all in character; to convert the cannibals is your vocation, or will be one of these days."

Meantime Mrs. Duckworth proceeded. "I have been a wife upwards of two-and-twenty years—"

Just at this moment an involuntary groan escaped Mr. Duckworth, which drew upon him the observation of the whole company, and a most killing look from his affectionate spouse, who thus continued—"and therefore I have had some little experience of the trials and troubles of the cannibal life. Marriage is a divine constitution, and it is the unbounded duty of every person, whether young or old, to get married with the greatest perspicacity. The husband is the head of the wife."

"What an uncomfortable elevation has poor Mr. Duckworth had!" said Conn, in a half whisper.

"I would as soon be the head of a nail," returned Brunson, "exposed to all the blows of a hammer."

"Ay, and sooner too," replied Conn, "for when once driven down, you would be allowed some rest."

"And therefore," continued Mrs. Duckworth, addressing herself particularly to the bride, "the wife is bound to obey the husband."

"I dare say it is so, mother," said the bridegroom—"but your preaching is better than your practice. As for my wife here, she'll obey me without preaching—wont you, Sukey?"

"I dont know whether I shall obey you at all," returned the bride, with an arch smile, "I'm married now, and can do as I please."

"So you shall, by gingo!" exclaimed the bridegroom, "if you dont, you know I'm your husband and can make you."

The rather unmannerly truth about her preaching and practice, just uttered by her son, had such an effect upon Mrs. Duckworth, that she ceased giving advice and took to the hysterics. The elderly ladies helped her out of the room, and were busily applying hartshorn and burnt feathers to her nose, and rubbing her temples with camphorated spirits, when Doctor Whistlewind arrived. He had been invited to the wedding, but was prevented from coming earlier by an urgent case of practice. As soon as he entered the room, he began—

"How are you all? How comes on the wedding? Is the Gorgon knot tied, ha? Would have come earlier, but had a patient I could'nt leave. Suppression of the brain—such cases always dangerous—trappaned him—no use though—dead as

Julius Cæsar, before this time. But where's the parson?"

"On hearing his name mentioned, Mr. Grossbeak returned to the room, followed by the landlord. Doctor Whistlewind shook them heartily by the hand; then addressing himself to the parson—

"So!" said he, "you've done the job for the young couple, I suppose, you've tied the Gorgon knot for 'em?"

"The Gorgon knot!" exclaimed the parson.

"Ay, fastened 'em together conjugally."

"True, true, I begin to perceive—"

"They've been married this hour," said the publican—"extremely sorry you didn't get here a little earlier."

"Could'nt, Mr. Lovejoy—had a patient to kill before I could come—must attend to professional business you know. Well, young man," addressing himself to the bridegroom, "wish you much joy of the married state. We sons of Slapsclapius always encourage matrimony—should soon want patients, if we did'nt. But where's your mother, young man—is'nt she here?"

"She's just stepped out a minute," returned the affectionate son.

"Hope she's well?" said Doctor Whistlewind.

"Just got a fit of the hysterics, that's all," replied the son.

"She'll soon get over 'em," said Whistlewind—

“rather troublesome complaint, but seldom mortal—sorry though that any thing should happen to mar the jovialities of the present occasion.”

Wines and liquors of various kinds were now introduced, to which the company did justice; and mirth and repartee, broad jokes and sly innuendoes, circulated round the room. Doctor Duckworth and his bride were mostly the objects of these shots, as people every where think they have a license to be witty at the expense of those who are newly married. Parson Grossbeak, who had no objection to see the mirth go round, was not at all backward in putting in now and then a sly hit. Doctor Whistlewind, who could never be accused of too much precision in any thing, shot broad and at random. While Brunson and Conn, who had lately come from the University, were keen and classical.

An occasion of this kind, if it does not find people witty, makes them so; and all the company grew marvellously smart and shrewd. Even Dodimus himself, when driven to it, did remarkably well; and gave back to his assailants several home thrusts, which were not the less felt, because they were least expected.

But wit like certain kinds of liquors, is exceedingly apt to evaporate; and if not tasted at the moment of utterance, its flavor is seldom acknowledged afterwards. Aware of this truth, and fearful that I should not do justice to that which was

put forth so profusely on the present occasion; I shall here dismiss the subject of this famous wedding—sending the guests well satisfied to their respective homes, and attending the new married couple to—

But, gentle reader, good night,

## CHAPTER V.

*A Wife's Setting-Out—The Beds with their Coverings—Mode of getting the Materials for a Patch-work Quilt—Tables, Chairs, et Cætera—The Dresser and its Contents—Arrival of Medicines and Surgical Instruments—Mode of Acquiring Popularity—Riding into Business—Undermining Doctor Collins—Admiration of the People—Success of Doctor Duckworth.*

DOCTOR Duckworth was very soon provided with a house and shop, situated within a few rods of his father-in-law's, and indeed so near that the creaking of the tavern sign could be distinctly heard.

Thither he removed his blooming wife and her household furniture. This consisted of two beds; one being filled with live geese feathers, and fit for the governor to sleep on; and the other with duck's, pigeon's, and various kinds of feathers—always, however, excluding those of the hawk, the owl, and other carnivorous birds, because it was believed the feathers of these would eat up all those of the more peaceable species of fowls. Thus, if but a single hawk's feather should find its way into a bed full of hen's feathers, it would in a very short time

devour all the latter, without in the least increasing its own bulk.

The beds were provided with quilts, curiously wrought out of a great many different kinds of calico, ingeniously patched together; and quilted in diamond check, herring-bone, and fancy figures. As shopping, in its most improved style, had not then come into vogue, and indeed can never be practised to much advantage in little country towns, the secret of getting together so great a variety of stuffs in one bed quilt, was, that each lass or dame contrived to beg from every other lass or dame, a small specimen of every new gown, by way of keep-sake. Thus nearly every woman's dress in town, and several out of town, might chance to be represented in a single quilt; and a lady might be said, every night to close her eyes under the remembrances of her friends.

Besides the two beds, Mrs. Susan Duckworth had three tables: one oblong pine table, painted red, and standing in the kitchen for family use; and two others a little more tasty, the one made of cherry, and intended for dining—the other of curled maple, and to be used for taking tea—both appropriated to the parlor, and only to be employed in case of company. She had a dozen of chairs, all with comfortable high backs, and differing only in their bottoms: those for the parlor being made of rushes, while those of the kitchen were woven of basket-stuff, split from the ash tree. There was



also a large arm-chair, for the accommodation of the Squire or the Parson; a low rocking-chair, for the use of the mistress of the house; and a very small chair, provided with both arms and rockers, for the use of any little Duckworth, that might chance, in due time, to be added to the family. This last article, together with a cradle, Landlord Lovejoy insisted upon it should be included in his daughter's setting-out—wisely observing that troubles never came any the sooner for being provided against.

A set of kitchen shelves, usually called a dresser, exhibited a very respectable array of crockery: consisting of teacups and saucers, nearly half the modern size, a sugar and cream-cup to correspond, and a teapot on the same moderate scale, backed by one of blocktin for every-day use. But what most distinguished the shelves was, the shining rows of pewter platters and plates. Of the platters there were three, being of graduated sizes—the first not quite so large as the fore-wheel of an ordinary wagon, the second not larger than that of a common sized wheelbarrow, and the third decreasing in the same ratio. Of the plates there were something like a dozen and a half, all of one size, which was a medium between the breakfast and dining plates of the present day.

Carpets and hearth-rugs did not enter into the list. But of towels, tablecloths, sheets, and blankets, there was, as the doctor said, squankum suff. for any two folks. There was also an iron pot, for

boiling victuals; and a brass kettle, for boiling clothes. There was a tea-kettle, a pair of irons, shovel, and tongs, all of good solid iron. There was, moreover, a three-legged spider, a twelve-barred gridiron, and a frying-pan, which had a hole in the handle, whereby it could be hung in the chimney corner, when not in actual use. I must not forget to mention the bean-pot, wherein beans were baked once a week; nor the two pudding pots, one whereof was used for baking puddings of various sorts, whether Indian, rice, or plum—the other for boiling the Indian alone, in the preparation of which, sliced sweet apples, and rich lumps of suet, formed no contemptible part.

Besides all these things, there were knives, and forks with two prongs, and spoons, and—but why should I name every thing? To end the matter at once, it will be sufficient to say that few doctors' wives, or any other wives, in those parts, and in those days, were better provided in the household way, than the wife of Doctor Duckworth.

The farmer, to whom he had entrusted his order for medicines and surgical instruments, returned in due time. He brought with him an amputating and a pocket case of instruments, and a very large quantity of medicines; so large, indeed, that the doctor was rather astonished as he surveyed the huge pile.

“H-a-a-h! Mr. Butters,” said he, “what in the name of blood and jalap have you got here? you’ve

brought home medicines enough to kill the whole world, and every body else besides. Sure, I didn't write for all this."

"I don't know how that is," replied the farmer, "but the druggers declared they couldn't read your writin."

"Not read my writing!"

"No, I showed it to all the druggers and potters in Boston, and they said they could nither make head nor tail on't—that 'twas nither one thing nor t'other."

"They're fools, and men of no larning. Not read a doctor's writing! why they're no scholars at all."

"But they know a thing or two for all that."

"What do they know? I take it, Mr. Butters, that a man of real finished education should be able to read any writing whatsoever, even though the man that writ it could'n't read it himself."

"Some of the Boston druggers said your writin looked like pot-hooks and trammels."

"And so they couldn't read it, ha! how did they know then what medicines to send?"

"Why they didn't know for that matter. But one on 'em said he'd venter to send you a little of every thing he had had in his shop, and then you couldn't fail of havin the right things. Here's a bill on 'em."

As he said this, he handed the doctor nearly half a quire of paper, closely written over.

"This is a bill sure enough!" exclaimed the doctor, as he turned over the leaves, "why it's longer than the moral law."

"Ay, and the ten commandments to boot," said the farmer.

"If I live to be as old as Methusaler, I shall never use up all these medicines," said the doctor.

"I hope not, in all conscience," returned the farmer.

"Howsomever it will save me the trouble of writing for more very soon." With this consoling idea Doctor Duckworth folded up the bill, and set about properly arranging the medicines in his shop, and making such preparations as he deemed necessary in entering into practice.

There was already, and had been for several years, a respectable physician in Crincumpaw, by the name of Collins. In order to root himself in practice, Doctor Duckworth thought it necessary to root Collins out. And as he had now some leisure time, he employed it in feeling the pulse, as he said, of those he designed for patients and employers by and by. He began with great dexterity to worm himself into the favor of the inhabitants; nor had he any of that unfortunate inflexibility, which would have prevented some other men from passing through those very difficult sinuosities, which he contrived to thread with the greatest ease.

Wherever he knew Doctor Collins had a patient he contrived to call on the family as it were by acci-

dent. He chatted freely with the good man and good woman of the house. He talked of health, and of all its blessings ; of sickness, and of all its attendant miseries. One thing led to another, until the case of the sick person was introduced—a child, for instance.

“ What is the matter with it ? ”

“ I don’t know exactly—but Doctor Collins says—”

“ Doctor Collins ! Do you employ him ? ”

“ To be sure—he’s ’tended our family for several years.”

“ He don’t know beans ? ”

“ I don’t know as to that—he’s called a pretty skilful man ! ”

“ Skilful ! Why he’s a mere know-nothing—a perfect nonentity. Now I would’nt have you say any thing from *me* ; but I’m a doctor myself, and therefore I ought to know something about it.”

“ Are you the new doctor that’s lately come to town ? ”

“ I am, sir. My name is Duckworth. I studied with Doctor Whistlewind.”

“ May be you’ll go in and look at our child, and see what you think of it ? ”

“ Why, yes, I’ll look at the patient with great pleasure ; but I should’nt wish by no means to interfere with Doctor Collins.”

“ Walk in and see what you think of the poor child.”

Doctor Duckworth would now examine the pa-

tient, giving ever and anon a dubious shake of the head, and exclaiming, partly to himself, "Bad! bad!"

"What do you think is the matter with it, doctor?"

"The matter! why, it's got—but dont ax me—Collins is your doctor."

"That's true—and he says it's got the influenza."

"The influnzy! That's all he knows about the matter. It's no more like the influnzy than my nose is like a Spanish potato. 'Tis strange what ignorance there is in the world!"

"But what's your opinion about it, doctor?"

"Why, it would be extra-confessional for me to say just now; but if the patient was mine, I could soon tell."

"You don't think the child's in any danger, do you, doctor?"

"Why, as to that I don't want to alarm you nor nothing—but between you and me and the bed, I think what I think."

"What would you do for it?"

"Why, I could soon tell if I was so disposed—but I must'nt subscribe for another man's patient—besides, I'm in a great hurry now—business begins to drive."

Then springing upon his horse, he would gallop home. Indeed, riding before he had any patients, was one of his principal means of getting them. With his saddlebags under him, putting forward in

all haste, he rode hither and thither, through every part of the town, as though he had a hundred patients depending on his speed.

"How that new doctor rides!" exclaimed one.

"He rides to kill!" said another.

"To cure, you mean," said a third.

"Why, for the matter of that, it's all one," said the second; but he must be getting a nation deal of business, any how, to ride in that style."

As Doctor Duckworth was seen on these furious expeditions, it was natural for the people to run out of their houses and inquire who was sick. Without stopping a moment he would exclaim—"I hav'nt time to answer any questions now—life and death depend, as it were, on my haste."

He was very proud of his surgical instruments, which were of the real London manufacture, and indeed worthy of a skilful hand. He omitted no opportunity of displaying them to the admiration of the multitude. One day, when Parson Grossbeak was present, along with a number of others, Duckworth took out his instruments, and began to flourish them about, and to give their names.

"This," said he, taking up a long cutting instrument, "is an ampletating knife."

"That's certainly very ample," said the Parson.

"I can whip off the legs with this to kill," said the doctor, boastingly.

"I hav'nt the least doubt of it in the world," said the parson, dryly.

"This," said the doctor, taking up another instrument, "is the turnandquit."

"And when that turns, life is about to quit, I suppose," said the parson.

"This," said the doctor, exhibiting a small sharp hook, "is the tentaculum."

"What do you tackle with that?" asked the landlord's hostler.

"Why, I tackle the arteries and other veins," returned the doctor. Then flourishing another cutting instrument, "this," said he, "is the scalphell."

"Scalp what?" exclaimed the parson.

"Scalphell."

"Why, young man, do you mean to interfere with my business?" shaking his cane at the doctor.

"Your business, Mr. Grossbeak?"—Ah, I see now—the name—ha, ha!—the name is rather heterogetical. But we can't help that at all times. We sons of Lapslapius have an infarnal sight of hard names to our instruments, our medicines, and other thingumbobs."

*Your names are certainly the hardest I ever heard of,*" said the man in black, as he turned towards the parsonage.

But whatever Mr. Grossbeak might have thought of these exhibitions, they gave the gazing multitude a very high opinion of Doctor Duckworth; especially when, as he wiped the instruments with his handkerchief and returned them to their cases, he never



failed to finish with, "And I'm the man that knows how to use 'em too."

Whenever he heard of Doctor Collins having lost a patient, he used to go and with very great feeling condole with the relatives, and lament that confidence in their physician should be so unworthily placed, that patients should be killed off by every quack without any sort of compunction! He declared that, for his part, he did not wish to say a word against Doctor Collins; he held him in the most unbounded respect, and would not, for any consideration whatsoever, do any thing to injure him with the public. But it was his bounden duty to tell the truth, and shame the devil.

He also took particular pains to inquire into Doctor Collins's rates of charging; how much he taxed for a visit, how much for a dose of medicine, how much for bleeding, drawing teeth, and so on. And when informed on these points, he used to exclaim, "How extortionate! How very extortionate! It's enough to ruin a poor man. Why I shouldn't think of taxing above half that myself, though it's no disparagement to Doctor Collins to say that I know as much as two such. Umph!—but 'tis'nt my business to run down my neighbours."

By these modes, Doctor Duckworth, actuated, as was believed, by a sense of his own superior skill, and moved by charity and pure love for the people, soon began to make an impression favourable to himself and unfavorable to his brother physician.

There must be some fire, said the people, where there is so much smoke.

“ For my part,” said Farmer Butters, “ I think it’s all talk and no cider. A man, that can’t write so the Bostonians can read it, aint fit for a doctor.”

“ Pugh !” exclaimed another, “ that’s no sign at all. Who ever heard of a doctor, or a lawyer, or any other high larnt man, that ever writ so that a body could read it? Why, man alive, there aint a lawyer in our country that ever thinks of writing so that he can read it himself arter it’s once cold. And as for doctors, all their writin is like pussly and witch-grass—you never can know where to find it.

This argument being rather a poser, Farmer Butters was fain to be silent. Most of the people agreed with the last speaker, that a doctor’s hand-writing was of very little consequence ; and that, as was said at first, where there was so much smoke, there must be some fire. They began therefore pretty soon to send for Duckworth ; and as Dame Nature, who is both nurse and physician, was kind enough to stand at the bedside of the patient, and correct sundry mistakes of the doctor, his success in some of the first cases was very remarkable.

## CHAPTER VI.

*A Nocturnal Call—Jo Buckle—William Brunson—An Uncommon Case of Fracture—Difference between a Man's Leg and a Mare's Leg—Polite Attention of Landlord Lovejoy—His Ideas of Sound Doctoring—Reduction of the Fracture—Disappearance of the Patient—Astonishment of Doctor Duckworth—Inquiries into the Case—Reappearance of the Patient—Popular Opinions on the Subject.*

IT was about half past twelve one dark night, pretty soon after Duckworth commenced practice, that he was awakened by a loud knocking and hallooing at his window, as if the very house was coming about his ears. He leapt from his bed, and raising the casement, demanded what was the matter.

"Matter!" exclaimed the messenger, in the well known voice of Jo Buckle, his father-in-law's hostler, "the Lord only knows! but there's a terrible circumstance took place, and they want you to go instantaneously over to the tavern, and see what it is."

"A terrible circumstance!" said the doctor, beginning to huddle on his duds; "what sort of a

circumstance may that be? there's a great many terrible circumstances in the world, and the doctorial profession is full of them. But what's the matter of the case? is it a fracture, or a dislocation? a wound, or a confusion?"

"I don't understand your doctor lingo," returned the hostler, but it's a most confused case, I tell you."

"How did it happen?"

"That's more than I can tell, doctor, for I didn't see it happen; but I understand 'twas a dreadful fall from a horse. The critter started at something white near the corner of the churchyard."

"Something white! doubtless it was somebody's ammunition that walks at night. Howsomever, I don't put so much faith in them-are things as I did before the misadventure of the bridge; and yet he would hardly be seen alone, and near the churchyard too, excepting he was a real bony fiddle ghost. But no matter, if the powers below choose to bring work to my shop, so much the better; I'll quarrel with no body's ghosts, unless they cross my path."

"Come, doctor! doctor!" exclaimed the hostler, "do stir your stumps, do hustle on your things fast. I could tackle a four-horse team out and out, while you're putting on your clothes. Hurry! hurry! do, before the man dies."

"Coming, coming," said the doctor, who was

in a minute beside the messenger, and in less than another by the bed of the patient.

“ Ah, is it you, friend Brunson ?” exclaimed the doctor, as he entered the room ; “ little did I think I should have you for one of my first patients, when you and I used to go to school together, and we played off, as you recollect, some uncorrigible hard tricks upon one another.”

“ I do remember,” said Brunson, with a sad groan, “ the vain tricks of our younger days, but all those things are of no consequence now—Oh ! how my leg pains me ! when we’re in want of medical or surgical aid, all minor considerations, vanish before the necessity of the case—Oh !—Oh ! we then place ourselves at once in the most skilful hands, I wish you’d examine my leg, doctor—Oh !”

“ Which leg is it,” said Duckworth.

“ I hardly know, doctor, I’m in such pain ; but I think it’s the right.”

“ It would be a pity if it should be the wrong one,” said John Conn, who was standing by the bed, “ but, doubtless, the doctor will know.”

“ I’m pretty certain it’s the right one,” returned Brunson. “ Handle it carefully, do, doctor.”

Duckworth now proceeded to remove the stocking, and to examine the leg with great professional solemnity.

“ What do you think of it, doctor ?” asked the patient.

“ Broke,” returned the surgeon.

"Is it indeed so bad as that?" asked the theological student, with great appearance of sympathy; "I was in hopes it would'nt turn out so bad on examination. But there is one thing to comfort my friend here—and that is, that he has fallen into the right hands. I should be very sorry that any other surgeon had the management of the case. And so the limb is really broke, is it, doctor?"

"Ay, sir, it's broke short off."

"I'm glad to hear it is no worse," groaned the patient.

"How would you have it worse?" asked the landlord, who was standing near, ready to be of service in any little matter that might be wanted.

"Why, I can tell you how it might be worse," said Jo Buckle, "it might be smashed into forty thousand flinters, like the old mare's leg that was broke last winter, and we had to kill her in consequence."

"Well, now you talk about flinters, Jo," said the doctor, "that reminds me that I want some splinters to splinter up the patient's leg."

"How many do you want, doctor?"

"A dozen, or so."

"A dozen!"

"Ay, that will be all-sufficient; or, as we doctors say, altogether squankum suff."

"A dozen splints for one leg!—umph!—of course, doctor, you know best. But when we splintered up the old mare's leg—"

"Nonsense, Jo—what has the old mare's leg to do with this case? A mare's leg and a man's leg are two distinct things, and not to be brought together in the same comparison. They're different altogether, as the sun is from the moon, or the lunar stars from the rest of the planets. They're not the same flesh. The oysterology is tetotally different, to say nothing of the cartlegs and the trigliphs."

As he uttered this learned speech, Duckworth looked round upon his audience to enjoy their admiration, and then proceeded—"No, young man, there is no use in talking to me about matters relating to the human system or the horse system. To be sure you may know something of horseology, being, as you are, employed about horses. But I beg you'll remember that the human specie is several degrees above the horse specie; and never think of putting off a man's leg with the same number of splinters that you would the leg of a horse."

"Very well," said the hostler, "I'll make you twenty splints if you want."

"A dozen," returned the doctor, "as I have already told you, is quite sufficient. Make them out of pine boards, a yard long and three inches broad."

Jo went to work to get out the splints, and the doctor proceeded to give other directions about the necessary materials for dressing the leg. The

landlord, in the meantime was moving about, bowing very politely to the quondam collegians, hoping he might be of service to the unfortunate Mr. Brunson, whom he dubbed with the title of Squire, in advance of his profession, and declaring he was very happy in the unfortunate circumstance that thus paved the way to their better acquaintance.

"Don't you think, doctor," said he, "that a little brandy or rum would be useful to bathe the limb?"

"By all mean's," returned the surgeon.

"And don't you think it would be advisable for the patient to take a little of the same inwardly?" asked the considerate landlord.

"Unquestionably," answered the surgeon.

"I take it to be sound doctoring," said the publican, "always to give a little of the same inside that you apply outwardly."

"Indubitably," said the doctor; "them are fixed principles, and have been any time since the days of Lapslapius. There's a sort of a concatenation, as it were, between the inside of a man and the out; so that when the medicine is applied inwardly and given outwardly, it meets together and produces the most all-sufficient consequences. I approve of your plan entirely, father Lovejoy. I'll take a drop of the brandy myself."

"I suppose," said Conn, "that is also a part of the same fixed principle?"



"Why, yes, on certain important occasions it is," returned the doctor, "as for instance in the present case." Thus saying, he helped himself to some brandy, which the landlord had brought forward; and thus set an example to his patient, which, however, the latter declined to follow, alleging that it was apt to make his head ache, and that he should be fully satisfied with the application of it to his leg.

"Well, since you misincline," said the surgeon, very considerately, "I'll take your part myself, which will answer all the same as if you swallowed it."

"Whereabouts shall I bathe the limb?" asked the landlord.

"Whereabouts!—Oh, all along" returned the doctor.

"All along!" groaned the patient—"is the fracture so very extensive?"

"It's exceedingly commonuted," returned the doctor.

"I understood you," said Conn, "that the leg was broken short off, by which I supposed you meant a transverse fracture."

"You'll find it transverse enough," said the doctor, "before it's done with. As to the nature of the case, it's a double compound commonuted fracture, of the very worst description."

"Oh! don't bear on so hard, landlord," exclaimed the patient, as the publican was rubbing the limb with spirits to and fro, from the ankle to the knee.

"You're sure there's no mistake about the fracture, doctor?" said the theological student. "I feel some anxiety for the welfare of my friend."

"Make yourself easy on that score," returned the doctor, "for I tell you it's as downright a fracter as ever was made, and the patient will have to lie six weeks on his back."

"Cold comfort that," said the patient.

"True," returned the doctor, solemnly, "but it's the best I have to offer you: so now we'll proceed to the setting. The splinters and the bandages are all ready."

"I beg you won't hurt me, doctor, any more than you can't conveniently help," said the patient, in an imploring tone.

"I'll be careful," replied the surgeon; "but it's utterly impossible to introduce a fracter without causing more or less pain. Jo, you're a strong fellow, take hold of the limb just below the knee; and you, landlord, take hold just above the ankle; and both pull with all your might, while I fix the bones in their place."

The landlord and the hostler did as they were desired, while the doctor gravely set to work to regulate the fragments. The patient all the while begged he would not hurt so; and the student of theology kindly endeavored to console and comfort the patient under his affliction.

"There!" exclaimed the surgeon, "the bones are all in place now. Did'nt you feel them slip in?"

"Why really, I don't know," said the patient, "I've been so full of pain—but I desire to be thankful if the worst is over."

The doctor now drest the limb with the bandages and splints, until it was nearly the size of a barrel; and having charged his patient, as he valued life and limb, to lie flat on his back, and not stir the fractured leg, he wished him a good night's rest and returned home, very well satisfied with his night's work.

In the morning the doctor called, as in duty bound, to see his patient. But on ascending to his room, his astonishment was indescribable to find the man with the broken leg had departed. There were no signs of him remaining; bandages, splints, and all had disappeared.

"Well, by heavens, this is marvellous!" exclaimed the surgeon. "Who ever heard before of a man with a broken leg walking off bodily and corporally. It's very strange—unaccountable strange! I wouldn't have believed the evidence of my own eyes, if I had'nt the absence of the patient before 'em. But the man has gone, the bed is empty, and the case is as clear as water. There's an undeniable evacuation."

The doctor went down to inquire of the landlord what had become of his patient. The landlord had not seen him, and was as much astonished as the doctor to find he was not in his room. Other members of the family were called and questioned;

but no positive light could be gained on the subject, until Jo Buckle being called from the stable, and asked if he had seen any thing of the patient, declared that, unless his eyes very much deceived him, he had seen the patient, or his aprigot, walking out a little after day-break.

"How did he look?" asked the doctor.

"Very much like any man that has a cord of wood fastened round his leg," replied the hostler.

"What was the nater of his visual appearance?"

"Visual appearance!"

"Ay, how did he look out of his eyes?"

"Why, he looked out from under his eye-lids, I believe."

"It's very nateral he should; but what I mean is, what sort of an expression of countenance had he? airthly, or unairthly?"

"Oh, as to that, it was very much like any body's else, as near as I could make out."

"Was it wild and staring like a man that's delerrious?"

"Dele—what!—I don't understand your medical lingo, doctor."

"It's very nateral you should not, as you don't belong to the facquilty. But what I would ask is, whether he looked like a man in his right mind."

"Oh, yes, he was talking and laughing very cheerily."

"A sure sign he was out of his head. Was there any body with him?"

"Oh, yes, there was Mr. Conn, that's larnin to be a minister of Parson Grossbeak."

"Well, now all this is marvellously wonderful," said the landlord, "such an incidence would'nt come to pass once in a century. A patient, who had his leg broke all to smash over night, to get up and walk off the next morning! But what's to be done?"

"The man is delerrious, past all manner of doubt," said the doctor.

"Had'nt we better rouse the neighbourhood," said the landlord, "and look him up."

"I think we had," said the doctor; "but perhaps we'd better inquire, in the first place, at Parson Grossbeak's, if the patient has been seen there."

With this resolution, Doctor Duckworth crossed the green, and knocked at the door of the parsonage. He inquired of the Rev. occupant if he had seen any thing of a patient of his, who had walked off with a fractured leg. The parson stared.

"You may well stare," said the surgeon, "for it's the most extraordinary case that ever happened."

"I should think it was not very common, indeed," said the parson, "for a patient to run away with a broken leg. But who was he, and where did he escape from?"

"It was William Brunson, a law student of Mr. Warranty, of Toppingtown, who was thrown

violently from his horse about twelve o'clock last night, was picked up and brought to father Lovejoy's. I was called from my bed in great perturbation. I went and found the most terrible case of double compound comminuted fracture, that I ever set eyes on. I introduced it, and splintered it up, and then bid the patient good night. But, lo! when I called this morning to see how he was, there was nither hide nor hair, splinter nor bandage to be found of him; and if that is'n't a singular case, I don't know what is."

"I agree with you there," said the parson; then musing a minute, he inquired if his student, Conn, had been seen with Brunson the night before, saying, that the latter had been at his house during the evening. On learning that the two friends had been left together, he fell into another fit of musing, and a twinkle might have been discerned stealing from the corner of his eye, and communicating an expression, any thing but solemn, to his reverend face. The doctor, however, did not notice it, but full of the importance of his case, proceeded to ask the parson's opinion about the propriety of raising the village to search for his patient.

"I would not advise you to take that course at present," replied the clergyman, "perhaps your patient may return of his own accord." And the reverend gentleman was the more convinced of this, when, on inquiry at his student's room, he discovered that he was absent also.

Duckworth now returned to the tavern, where a crowd had collected, to hear and to speculate on the extraordinary news, which began to be circulated over the whole village; when presently his patient walked into the bar-room, with a quick and elastic step, like a man with a perfectly sound leg. The whole company stared, and the doctor himself was, for the space of two minutes, utterly astounded.

"A fine morning, Doctor Duckworth," said the patient.

"Very—very fine," said the surgeon, at length finding the use of speech; "but what in the name of Lapslapius, and all the gods of medicine, sent you from your bed this morning?"

"Why, doctor, I got tired of lying on my back, and I thought I could'nt do better than to take a morning walk, a thing I've been accustomed to for several years, and I thought it might be detrimental to my health to break off all at once. Don't you approve of early exercise, doctor?"

"Early exercise with a fractured leg!" exclaimed Duckworth, "why the man is mad."

"Oh, he's as mad as a March mare, said one" of the crowd.

"Quite, quite delirious," said the landlord, with a solemn shake of the head.

"He's got the dressings off of his leg too," said the doctor.

"Why, yes," said Brunson, "I found it rather inconvenient walking with them, so I pulled them off after I'd gone a few rods."

Strange ! strange ! What delerrium will do," said the doctor ; then looking about upon the crowd, he continued—" This was one of the most extraordinary cases of fracter that ever happened—the leg was broke short off and smashed to flinters as it were—and yet you see the patient has been walking out as though nothing had happed. " He then inquired of Brunson how far he had walked.

" Something like five miles, out and in," replied the latter.

" Five miles the next morning after having a leg broke ! If this doesn't beat all the records of surgery, I'll swallow a three ounce bolus !"

" Fie ! fie ! doctor, I hope you dont mean to kill yourself," said the patient. " As to my walking five miles of a morning, it is nothing remarkable, because it's a thing I have often done before; and as to the case of my leg, I begin to doubt very much whether it was an absolute fracture."

" You begin to doubt !" exclaimed the doctor—" What right have you to doubt on the occasion ? Aint I a surgeon ? and hav'nt I pronounced after a due examination, that your leg is broke ? It's fine times indeed when a professional man don't know his own business !"

" That's just what I was thinking, returned the patient coolly, and having come to the conclusion that my leg was'nt broke, I've taken the case into my own hands. But I beg pardon, doctor, I mean no disparagement to your skill ; the most learned



may miss it sometimes. But I see Jo has brought my horse to the door. Good morning, doctor; and if ever I have another sound limb to set, I'll call upon you." With that, mounting his horse, shaking the theological student by the hand, and giving a sly look at the hostler, he rode off.

The people were all astonished, except John Conn and Jo Buckle, who laughed heartily at the conclusion. Doctor Duckworth at first looked very blank. To tell the truth, he began shrewdly to suspect that Brunson and Conn had been at their old tricks again; and that the dreadful accident of the fall from the horse had been cooked up between them merely to bring him into ridicule. He had the prudence, however, to keep these suspicions to himself; for to have acknowledged before the multitude that he had been so egregiously duped, and had set and splintered up a sound limb, would have been to draw certain contempt upon himself. Considering all these things, therefore, he put on a very mysterious air, wisely shook his head, and said very little on the subject.

As to the people, their opinions were various. The landlord declared privately to his son-in-law, that he smelt a rat. He even suspected that his hostler was privy to, if not engaged in the plot. But Jo, whenever his master or the doctor was present, always put a very honest face on the matter; and as he was the best hand to dress a horse within twenty miles, the thing never was very closely inquired

into, and Jo reigned as he had done before, king of the stable.

Some of the neighbours also suspected it was a trick of the law student to try the skill of their new doctor. Others had no idea of any trick ; but supposed the patient had actually got a fall from his horse ; that he was more scared than hurt ; and that he, as well as the doctor, had been mistaken as to the nature of the injury. But the major part believed it was an extraordinary cure—something almost, if not altogether, miraculous—and yet something which would not have taken place in any other hands, except those of Doctor Duckworth. It was in vain that the disbelievers undertook to ridicule, or to reason, these honest people out of their notions. The more they were assailed, the firmer they grew in their belief ; and Doctor Duckworth's popularity was raised to the highest pitch by the very fortunate circumstance of having had a sound leg to mend instead of a broken one.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Blundering into Success—Favourable Opinion of the People—Becoming All Things to All Men, and Women too—A Clear Field—Acquiring Popularity with the Grannies—Examples of the proper Management—A Conglomeration of Complaints—Sage Suggestions of Mrs. Catnip—Conduct of Doctor Duckworth towards other Physicians—Quarrels between him and Doctor Whistlewind—Interesting Specimens of the same.*

How large a share of the good fortune and the success of mankind, is owing to mere accident, perhaps to mistake! A man may stumble in a dark night, and light upon a purse of gold. He may be wounded by the accidental discharge of a pistol, and his sufferings shall excite the sympathy of a fair maiden, which shall ultimately end in love. He may, like the famous Lord Timothy Dexter, send a cargo of warming-pans to the torrid zone, and in the end realize a fortune by being made the subject of a hoax.

The mistake of the sound leg, as I hinted at the close of the last chapter, had a decidedly favourable effect, with many persons, on the reputation of Doctor Duckworth, as an exceedingly fortunate

if not skilful, surgeon. Some of his admirers would have it, that it was owing to his incomparable skill, and declared that a leg which was broken short off at twelve o'clock at night, could not be made perfectly sound the next morning, by any ordinary degree of surgical knowledge. While others, equally his admirers, affirmed that no mere human knowledge could effect such a cure, and that it was only to be accounted for from the marvellous success, accorded as it were from heaven, to the labors of the new doctor.

Among these latter was that class of religious people, who, referring every thing to a special providence, believed that, by the blessing of heaven, a broken limb could be cured as well in six hours, as six weeks; and as they were firmly persuaded that a blessing would rest upon and follow whatever Doctor Duckworth undertook, so they considered it not only their interest, but their duty to make use of his professional services.

One of the first objects of the physician, who means to get rapidly forward in the world, is, to acquire popularity; and the measures of Doctor Duckworth, for attaining this desirable end, if not of the most delicate kind, were abundantly sweeping and comprehensive. He became all things to all sorts of persons. With the pious, he could, on a pinch, be pious himself. He could talk of grave matters and things relating to the soul as well as

the body ; of moral, and, as he expressed it, everlasting depravity ; of original and uncorrigible sin ; of the pious instructions he had received from his mother ; of the many long and edifying sermons he had listened to from Parson Longgrace ; and of the vast delight he took in things relating to another world, above the low, empty, and unsatisfying objects of this. He could talk too in very saint-like fashion by the bedside of his patients ; and if he contributed occasionally to help them forward on their journey to the other world, he was by no means backward in endeavouring to prepare them for that journey. The devout old ladies declared he was a pious doctor, if ever there was one ; and that it was really a comfort, in case they must die, to be conducted out of the world by so heavenly a man.

But it was not the pious only that Doctor Duckworth labored to please. He could be impious too when it would serve his turn. He could swear among swearers, drink among drunkards, scoff among scoffers, cant among hypocrites, and pray among the devout.

In speaking of this prudent flexibility he said, " I become all things to all men, as St. Barrabas did—and all things to all women, which is a notch above the saint—and thus I get business. Now there's Collins, he's too stiff to bend ; he would'nt pray, to please a saint ; nor swear, to please the

devil. But he'll see the difference before he's forty years older. I'll be getting into practice, and he'll be getting out."

And indeed what he said proved true. Collins's practice, in a very short time, diminished so much, that he was forced to leave the town to keep himself and family from starving. It is true, Parson Grossbeak, and some others, adhered to him; but the majority abandoned him for Doctor Duckworth. The low charges, which had been one means of getting away his practice, were gradually relinquished by his successful rival, as soon as he saw himself in possession of a clear field.

Besides praying with the devout, and swearing with the profane, Duckworth, opinionated and self-willed as he naturally was, had learnt another mode of conciliating a certain class of persons who are likewise very opinionated, and have much influence in domestic affairs—I mean those elderly females usually termed *grannies*. Women are, for the most part, the arbiters of the physician's fate: if they smile he will flourish; if they frown, he will fade.

But the particular class, which I have just mentioned, have an especial influence in families. They are not only very officious, but are believed to possess a certain knowledge of diseases, and of the necessary remedies, beyond what are enjoyed by any other persons, the doctors excepted. They are indeed considered to be a sort of demi-doctors;

and if they are believed to possess very little skill in chemicals, they are allowed to have a very good understanding of roots and herbs. They are much about the sick ; they love to manage and direct ; and dislike, above all things, to be slighted or contradicted.

With these old ladies, Doctor Duckworth took care to cultivate the best understanding. He was, as the saying is, hand and glove with them. He spoke with great respect of their notions ; fell, or seemed to fall, in with their prejudices ; and, when present, gravely asked their opinion upon certain points of practice. This pleased them of course. They conceived a good opinion of the doctor, because they believed the doctor entertained a good opinion of them. There is nothing that gives us a more favourable idea of a man's sense and discernment, than the knowledge, or belief, that he thinks well of ourselves.

These old ladies became the decided friends of Doctor Duckworth ; and wherever they were consulted in the choice of a physician, recommended by all means to send for him. On arriving at the sick room, he would frequently find Mrs. Catnip, Mrs. Chambrile, or Mrs. Sage, by the bed of the patient. After he had felt of the pulse, looked at the tongue, and inquired into the symptoms, they would naturally ask what was the matter with the patient.

"He has the dysentery."

"Don't you think, doctor, he has a little touch of the diarrhee along with it?"

"Exactly so, Mrs. Catnip. I was going to observe that he had something of a conglomeration of complaints, but the dysentery is the main disease—the captain and head general, as it were, of all the rest."

"Don't you think he's threatened with a fever?"

"Undoubtedly, Mrs. Catnip, there's very strong symptoms of it, and unless he gets sudden help, he'll have a fever prefixed to the dysentery and diarrheer."

If, after prescribing for the patient, the old lady suggested some remedy of her own, he did not hesitate to fall in with her prescription.

"Don't you think, doctor, a little logwood tea would be good?"

"By all means, Mrs. Catnip—logwood tea, or, as we doctors call it, a concoction of logwood, is a wonderful corroborator of the bowels."

"And don't you think a little malice and comfrey simmered down in skim-milk, would be excellent and healing?"

"Just so, Mrs. Catnip—exactly so—your suggestions are extremely judicious. The malice will be softened by the comfrey; the comfrey will be interlarder by the malice, and both will be corroborated by the skim-milk; the effect on the patient,



along with the other remedies, I've no doubt, will be very favorable."

"Well, doctor, in case the patient does'nt get better soon, what would you think of a little pulverized pigeon's gizzard, to be taken in mare's milk sweetened with molasses?"

"I think very favorably of it indeed, Mrs. Catnip, and if you had'nt got the start of me, should have mentioned it myself. The pulverized gizzard is very excellent for the stomach, and the mare's milk and molasses will tend to concentrate its effects through the whole system."

By this sort of deference to the opinion of these knowing and officious old ladies, Doctor Duckworth very readily conciliated, and very easily retained their good will. But if he was complaisant to them, he was not so to his brother doctors; and would never agree to a consultation if he could well avoid it, especially in relation to his own patients. He was not fond of detailing to the consulting physician the course he had pursued, which in most cases he would have found it very difficult clearly to do; and still more difficult to assign a reason for that course. Fond as he was of displaying his knowledge, it was always in the presence of those whom he suspected to know less than himself. There was little danger of detection with the ignorant, in case he should commit a few blunders; and the admiration he would be likely to gain, would be very cheaply purchased.

In admitting a consultation in the case of his own patients, he thought there was nothing to gain. The patient indeed might be benefitted; but then at the same time his ignorance might be exposed. Rather than consult, he would oftentimes abandon the patient, especially if the case appeared dubious. If then the patient died, he had the satisfaction of knowing it was in other hands besides his own; and of hinting to the friends and neighbors, that if he had been left alone to manage the case, the result would have been entirely different. If, however, the patient recovered, it was very easy to assert that the foundation of the cure had been laid under his own management.

But to consult on the case of another man's patient, was indeed a different thing. The tables were turned. Here he became the questioner instead of the questionee—the adviser instead of the advisee. He was a more important man; besides he had something to gain. If he worked his cards right, he might supersede the original physician, and become the family doctor himself. He could privately hint to the patient's friends, that the case had been monstrously mismanaged; that if he had been called originally, the patient would have been well long ago; but that, as it was, though he would do his best to cure him, he would in all probability die. A proceeding so judicious, would prepare the friends to think well of him in any event; if the patient recovered, to ascribe the cure to the new

physician ; if he died, to charge his death to the account of the old one.

Such being the management of Duckworth in relation to other physicians, he was not likely to continue long on very good terms with them. But he abused, and quarrelled with nobody more cordially than his old master. As soon as he began to get footing in the world—as soon as he found the whereon to stand—he felt very much disposed to jostle and upset Doctor Whistlewind. They were, in many respects, too much alike to be engaged long in the same pursuit, and in the same neighbourhood, without running foul of each other. Their connexion, as master and student, had given them a good opportunity to become acquainted with each other's strength ; to know precisely on what foundation they based their respective pretensions to medical skill. They knew one another ; and that was the surest ground for mutual contempt.

But in the encounter of abuse and the rough-and tumble of practice, Doctor Whistlewind had the worst of it. In the first place the pupil had nothing to lose, and the master had nothing to gain. Any change must be in favor of the former, and against the latter.

As Duckworth had undermined Collins, so he now began to attack the outworks of Whistlewind. Against the latter he pursued a more openly belligerent course than he had against the former. Their characters were totally different ; and he had

sense enough to perceive, that he must adapt his warfare to the nature of his enemy. Whistlewind was bold, rough, and talkative ; and a quiet course of intrigue did not seem to his pupil the best mode of carrying on the war against him.

He had already got nearly all the practice of Crincumpaw, and was beginning to encroach upon the lines of Toppingtown. As both made great pretensions to surgery, and indeed were accounted the only persons within twenty miles who could amputate a limb, bore a skull, or set a bone ; so their interests were very apt to clash in the neighboring towns. There was pulling and hauling for patients, like two of the canine race contending for a bone. Doctor Whistlewind deemed that he had a prescriptive right to the practice, because he had so long enjoyed it. Doctor Duckworth thought that, as his old master had kept it so long, he should now yield the turn to him. It was with them, as it is with office-holders and office-seekers. The *Outs* are always great sticklers for rotation ; the *Ins* are equally strenuous for continuation.

Duckworth openly abused Whistlewind ; and Whistlewind as openly retorted upon Duckworth. Each called the other all manner of quacks, ignoramuses, and other ill-sounding names, that could be thought of.

• “As for that Whistlewind,” said Duckworth, “he knows nothing at all whatsoever about surgery and physic any more than my horse does ; I’d sooner

trust Cephalus—my horse, that ~~is~~—to set a bone than him ; and for physic, I would'nt allow him to administer to my dog."

"And yet," said a bystander, "you got your knowledge of him."

"*I did ! What ! I get my knowledge of such an old stupid jackass as he ? I was in his office, to be sure ; but as for getting any knowledge of him—*"

"No, I can answer for it," interrupted another, "you never got your knowledge of him."

"Thank you, sir," said Duckworth.

"You're entirely welcome," returned the other, "but I was about to add the proof, namely, that you never got any knowledge any where."

Doctor Whistlewind, on his part, spoke with equal contempt of his quondam pupil. "It is the most surprising thing in the world," said he, "that any body should trust their lives in his hands. He knows nothing at all of medicine, surgery, or any thing else. He can't read, write, nor spell—he's the merest nincompoop that ever mixed a draught or rolled a bolus. I never could beat any thing into his head, unless I beat in his skull with the pestle. He talk about setting bones ! He can't tell when a bone is broke. The d—d fool splintered up a sound leg ; and his patient got up and run away before morning. He has no knowledge, no sense, no experience, no nothing. I would'nt trust him to physic a wormy dog, or reduce the fracter of a broken-legged cat. Shocking ! Shocking ! that

he should undertake to practise. It's a disgrace to the disciples of Slapsclapius to have such a numskull in their ranks."

Such were the accounts given of each other by master and pupil. And if they spoke thus disparagingly of, they were scarcely more complaisant to, each other. Their meeting was usually the signal for quarrelling and abuse. The same ill names, which they handled so dexterously behind one another's backs when apart, they threw in each other's faces when together.

"You poor, ignorant, contemptible puppy you," said Whistlewind; "I've forgot forty times more than you ever knew, or ever will."

"Then you've forgot every thing, and something to boot," retorted Duckworth, "for you know a devilish sight less than nothing now, and always have ever since I knew any thing about you. But your race is nearly run, as the butcher told the pig when he had his throat cut."

"Nearly run! What do you mean by that? Do you think I'm such a fool as ever to swallow any of your medicine? or trust you in any shape with my life?"

"You don't know what you may come to yet; you may go further, and fare worse. But that isn't what I was driving at. I meant, that your practice was fast running out; that you was coming out at the little end of the horn, scrimped up like a cat creeping through a rat-hole.

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"You're an infamous liar! There aint a syllable of truth in what you're saying. My practice was never better than it is now; and though you have taken off now and then a poor devil of a patient, I have still all the cream of it left."

"You mean that I've taken off the cream and left you the skim-milk. Yes, Doctor Whistlewind, your day is nearly over; and it's well it is so, for you've killed folks enough in your time. The graveyard in Toppingtown is running over now."

"But *some* of my patients are alive, which is more than can be said of *any* yours."

"Well, if some of them are alive, it's because they hav'nt had time to die yet."

In these, and such like terms, did the quondam master and pupil hack and mangle each other; and it was some consolation to those who had suffered under their hands, to know that they did not spare one another.

"Put it on! put it on! gentlemen," said Tom Stokes, a caustic wag, on crutches, who had been made a cripple by Doctor Whistlewind—"put it on in good earnest. Hack, cut, slash, mangle—dont spare each other—it's all in the family. Ply the knife, brandish the saw, shoot the bolus, pop the pill. There's nothing like making a vigorous attack. I wish I was a doctor for both your sakes—but no—I'm too fast—you understand one-another's complaints best; and I wish you no worse fate than to fall into each other's hands."

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Competitors of Doctor Duckworth—A Natural Bone-Setter—The Seventh Son of a Seventh Son—His Dexterity—Anecdote of the same—The famous Toggle Grease—The Sprained Ankle—A Root Doctor—How he acquired his Skill—His Materia Medica—His Power of Detecting Symptoms—Mrs. Trustall's Account of the same—How to render the same Medicine either Emetic or Cathartic—Manufacturing Roots—A Cancer Curer.*

BESIDES his great competitor, Doctor Whistlewind, Duckworth had two others to contend with, scarcely less formidable. These were Doctors Horehound and Pulltoggle. The former lived about fifteen miles to the north, and the latter about twenty to the south, of Crincumpaw. But the distance did not lessen the force of their rivalry. They were practitioners *sui generis*; and their business, as the people said, lay all about; indeed it was much better some distance off than at home. One of them confined himself to roots and herbs; the other to bone-setting.

Doctor Pulltoggle was one of those rare geniuses,



known as the *seventh son of a seventh son*. He was born with the capacity of setting bones ; or, as the people expressed it, was a *nateral bone-setter*. He had no knowledge from books or from instruction ; and he required none. What is bred in the *bone*, says the old saw, stays long in the *flesh* ; and Doctor Pulltoggle could no more help being a bone-setter, than the cat in the fable, who was changed into a lady, could help running after the mouse.

Why the mere circumstance of his being the seventh son of a seventh son, should convey this extraordinary gift, nobody undertook to explain. It was a thing utterly beyond comprehension. It was a mystery, which nobody thought of looking into ; but which was valued the more for being a mystery. " It is very strange," said the people, " what a faculty of setting bones this Doctor Pulltoggle has ! He never looked in a surgery book in his life, but took it all up of his own head ; and yet he's the slickest hand to set a bone in all New England. Why he makes no more of slipping in a dislocated joint, than a common doctor would of slipping a guinea into his pocket."

With this reputation, Doctor Pulltoggle had a good deal of practice. He was particularly famous for the cure of old cases, which were reputed to have baffled the skill of the regular surgeons. This was especially the case in regard to long-standing injuries of the joints, which, whatever their nature might be, he generally contrived to metamorphose into

luxations. But, whether the cases were cronic, or recent, he knew how to make the most of them ; and, by changing sprains into dislocations, to gain both money and reputation by reducing them.

He affected a sort of dexterity, or sleight of hand, in his mode of operating ; and would resort to various sly tricks to deceive the eyes of beholders. He wished to conceal from all others the precise moment when the bone returned to its place, as well as the peculiar manner of affecting it. Of his marvellous dexterity, in this respect, several anecdotes are still current in the circle of his practice.

One of these relates to the reduction of a dislocated hip. It was a case of two years standing, and had baffled the first surgeons of the country. They all declared that it could not possibly be reduced, and that the patient must be a cripple for life. In this state of things, who should be sent for but Doctor Pulltoggle, the famous natural bone-setter, and the accredited curer of all incurable cases. The distance was nearly a hundred miles ; but his fame had reached further than that, and all the doctors, far and near, came to see him reduce the luxation. The patient's room was filled ; and all things being ready for the operation, Doctor Pulltoggle, placing his left hand on the man's hip, and taking hold of his leg just above the knee with his right, suddenly exclaimed, as he turned his eye towards one of the windows, " What's that

out there !” in a tone of such surprise, that the doctors all turned their heads to look ; when, in a moment, he dexterously slipped the bone into its place, and before his dupes had time to look round again, the patient was standing on his legs as well as ever. The doctors therefore, concludes the story, all went home again with a flea in their ear ; and were never able, as long as they lived, to conceive by what extraordinary skill the luxation was reduced.

But Doctor Pultoggle did not rely altogether upon the dexterous motion of the hand, for his success and reputation in the art of bone-setting. He had invented a kind of ointment, still famous in that region, by the name of *Toggle Grease*—an appellation doubtless derived from his own cognomen, the first syllable having, in process of time, been lopped off for the sake of ease in pronunciation. With this grease he used to anoint the injured part for some minutes, as a preliminary step ; and it is averred that, by the extraordinary powers of this ointment, the displaced bones could well nigh be induced, of their own motion, to return to their places.

Such was the reputation, and such the effects, of the *Toggle Grease*. But what it was made of nobody knew, except the inventor. There were indeed various conjectures about it ; and certain wise persons, were ready to swear positively to one or more of the ingredients.

"It is," said one, "made of divil's bit, and a number of other strong arbs, cooked in rattle-snake's ile."

"That's all you know about it," said another; "the principal ingrediences, to my sartain knowledge, is the marrow got out of the bones of a human man; and that is the reason it has such an effect in making people's bones come in their places."

"You're right," said a third, "about it's being the marrow of a human critter; but it is'nt every human critter whose marrow will have the same effect. It must be a man that was born on the 29th day of February, just between the old and new of the moon, that never sucked a human woman, that never tasted a drop of water in his life, and at last was killed with lightning."

"And that aint all," said another; "the marrow must be tried out in a goold kittle; and when the other ingrediences are put in, they must all be stirred together with a bone that come out of a cata-mount's leg."

"Now all that," said a fifth, "is a mere fudge, and just an old woman's notion. I have good reason to know it's just no such thing. There aint a bit of human marrow, of any sort or kind, in the Toggle Grease. The foundation is the fat of a Guinea nigger, roasted alive. To this is added a little dragon's blood, a little ile of spikes, a little goose-grease, together with about twenty kinds of

"Yes, do now, doctor Pulltoggle, that's a good soul; you can't think how I want to be up and dancing."

"You'll give me a kiss then, I suppose, if—"

"Yes, but you must cure my ankle first."

"Well, I suppose I must try what can be done for the poor girl that wants to be shaking the foot so terribly."

Thus saying, he drew forth a box of the precious Toggle Grease, and began to anoint the red and swollen ankle; which, in less than three minutes, was reduced to its natural size and color; and the lady, springing upon her feet, began to caper round the room as though nothing had happened.

"Ah, but the kiss now!" exclaimed Pulltoggle.

"You shall have it if you can catch me" returned the patient gaily, and running into the ball-room, did more execution in the dance, than any other person of the whole company.

Such is a sketch of the character of Doctor Pulltoggle, the natural bone-setter, with whom Duckworth often came into collision in the course of his practice. But, what was most provoking of all, the natural doctor came, with his Toggle Grease, into the **very** borders of Crincumpaw, and set bones and cured sprains, as it were, under the very eye of the rightful sovereign. Though they never joined in consultation, they could not help meeting by accident, and on such occasions, Doctor Duckworth did not fail to pour forth the vials of his ire,

and to dose his adversary with blackguard and abuse—a part of which the latter, by way of self-defence, vomited back upon his assailant. It must be owned he had the advantage in point of temper, as well as in dexterity of repartee.

“Well, Pulltoggle,” said Duckworth, “whose bones have you been to work upon now?”

“Merely some old cases of yours,” returned the former, “which I’ve been putting to rights.”

“That’s a d—d lie, exclaimed Duckworth ;” no patient of mine is such a fool as to employ you.”

“People will do any thing,” retorted Pulltoggle, “rather than be cripples for life—limping about like a toad wounded under a harrow.” As he said this, he imitated the walking of a lame man, in such style as provoked the merriment of the bystanders and drew the laugh upon Duckworth,

“It must be a desput case, indeed,” said the latter, “when they condescend to employ such a low-lifed, vulgar, ignorant, infarnal quack as you are. Why, you don’t know your shank from your shoulder. You don’t know a ginglemus from a decanter. You can’t tell the name of a single bone in the body.”

“But I can tell when they’re out of place, and when they’re in ; which is more than you can do !”

“That’s another lie ! You make dislocktions out of sprains, and then show your ignorance by trying to introduce them.”

“ But I never set a well leg, and splintered it up with a cord of wood.”

Duckworth, finding the memory of his adversary too tenacious, and that on the whole he should gain little by tongue shots, with great dignity turned his back upon him—declaring he would not disgrace himself any farther by talking with such a low-lived, contemptible blackguard as he.

“ Duckworth’s other rival, Doctor Horehound, was equally destitute of learning and study, as the natural bone-setter. He did not, however, like the latter, bring his skill into the world with him ; but purchased it of another ~~Root~~ Doctor, who was going out of the world. At least such was the common report. It was said, that Doctor Burdock, a famous practitioner in roots and herbs, feeling, as he supposed, the approach of death, and wishing to make provision for his wife and children, as well as to dispose of his skill for the benefit of posterity, had sold and conveyed away, all and singular of the said skill to Jonathan Horehound ; who there-upon immediately became DOCTOR Horehound, with all and singular of the attributes pertaining to the situation which Burdock had just relinquished.

How this skill first originated, nobody knew. It had been transmitted from one generation to another ; sometimes from father to son by will, and sometimes from one person to another by means of bargain and sale. Horehound, as I have said, purchased of Burdock. But by what mode of trans-

fer the bargain was consummated, I could never ascertain. Some said it was by bill of sale, others by deed of conveyance; but this matter still remains as much as ever in the dark. Whatever the method was, one thing was certain—namely, that when once transferred, the former owner could never again possess the healing power, without a reconveyance. This was fully tested in the case of Burdock, who, not dying as he expected, repented of having sold his skill, and tried all means, fair and unfair, to recover it. At first he offered to purchase it back; but not succeeding, he essayed to practise without it. But vain were all his attempts; his skill was gone forever, and he could no more recover it than a man can recover the moments which are numbered with the years before the flood.

Doctor Horehound did not profess to cure all complaints; but confined himself mostly to chronic diseases. He was particularly famous for the cure of old complaints of the stomach, liver, and lungs. He removed indigestion, coughs, and consumptions. He rarely meddled with a recent or acute disease; but had the management of all sorts of old and incurable cases; of which it is declared, he never failed shortly to render a good account. Complaints of the alimentary canal, want of appetite, acidity, vapors, blue devils; and all that host of symptoms which originate in a bad digestion, he had the credit of curing. He also removed chronic coughs, and far-gone consumptions—snatching people from death, after one foot was in the grave.



Like that of Pulltoggle, his practice lay all about ; but, like his, was better some way off, than at home. His *materia medica* he professed to derive entirely from the vegetable kingdom. He was a mortal enemy to all sorts of mineral preparations ; and was constantly preaching against the use of mercury, tartar-emetic, and all medicines of that class. He even condemned some of the vegetable creation—especially opium, which he called devil's dung, and declared it sent people to hell before they had time to make up their reckoning.

What added mightily to his reputation, was, a practice he had of describing the symptoms of his patients, or telling them how they felt—by merely looking in their faces. If he can so easily detect symptoms, thought the people, he must certainly know how to remove them. I have conversed with a respectable old lady, who in her younger days knew him well. She was a great admirer of his skill, and had more than once had recourse to his professional services.

“ He always told me,” said she, “ exactly how I felt. He didn't go to work like other doctors to inquire out the symptoms ; but as soon as he looked in my face, he said, Mrs. Trustall, you've got a great many remarkable symptoms about you. Exactly so, says I, doctor ; you've told me the truth exactly. Then, says he, you have very strange feelings at the stomach. Jest so agin, says I, doctor ; you've hit the nail exactly. You feel faint

and weak, and have a gnawing at your stomach, sometimes, says he. True as the book of Gineces, says I, doctor; it's every word true that you've said. You feel a plapitation at the heart, occasionally, says he. So I do, doctor, says I; you're right exactly. You have a terrible impression on the stomach sometimes, after eating, says he. That's true, every word of it true, says I, doctor. You are subject to uncomfortable dreams, Mrs. Trustall, and now then have the night horse, says he, especially arter eating too much supper. Oh, dear! doctor, says I, how exactly you've hit my case. You're apt to be a little narvous sometimes, says he, and have dreadful flutterations whenever you're the least flusterated. Exactly so, doctor, says I, all true as the gospel. You come very near having the highsterics, says he, when every thing does'nt go to please you. Oh! so I do, doctor, says I, so I do. You're once in a while troubled with a head-ache and sick stomach, says he, Mrs. Trustall. That's true agin, doctor, says I; it's perfectly true. You're bowels ~~are~~ sometimes very costly, says he. Oh, yes, says I, they're amazing costly, doctor. You're subject to frequent flatterancies of the stomach, says he, Mrs. Trustalk. Yes, yes, so I am, doctor, says I. You sneeze amazing loud, sometimes, says he. So I do, doctor, says I, amazing loud; I'm e'en a'most ashamed of myself, says I, when I get to sneezing at church. So he'd go on, from beginning to eend, telling me exactly how I

felt, as well as I could tell myself, and a great deal better. And then he'd give me sich a sight of roots and arbs—why he used to have a pair of saddlebags that would hold two bushel, I verily believe, and all stuffed as full as they could hold of every kind of root and arb that ever was thought of in creation. Some he told me to take in confusion, some in discoction, and some in powders. And they helped my indigestion, and other complaints, amazingly.”

Mrs. Trustall's account, making allowance for a few mistakes in phraseology, is, no doubt, a very correct epitome of Doctor Horehound's mode of practice. He usually gathered his medicines himself; and such is declared to have been his skill in localities, that, going into an overflowed swamp in the depth of winter, he could tell precisely what roots and herbs slept beneath, by merely jumping upon the ice two or three times, and carefully observing what sound was returned. If sharp, then were the productions of a hot and stimulating kind; if dull, then were they of a heavy and somniferous disposition; but if rumbling, then were they cathartic and vomitory.

Doctor Horehound could render the leaves of the same herb, and the bark of the same tree, either emetic or cathartic, according to the mode in which he gathered them. By stripping them *upwards*, they excited vomiting; by stripping them *downwards*, purging. The difference could not be told, how-

ver, by the appearance of the medicines ; and it was necessary to keep them carefully labelled to prevent mistakes. This Doctor Horehound did ; but it so happened on one occasion, that, through the hurry of business, he substituted one for the other. He supposed he had given the cathartic ; and after sitting a few minutes, he was about taking his leave, when suddenly the stomach of the patient began to heave, and he poured forth in such style that the doctor was fairly astounded. At first he did not know what to make of it. He was disposed to blame the patient for puking, when he should have waited for a different result ; and he began to rate him soundly for his indiscretion—calling him a booby for not knowing the difference between a puke and a purge. But presently recollecting himself, and examining his parcels, he exclaimed, “D—n the leaves ! they were stripped the wrong way !”

But strong as were Doctor Horehound’s professions against the use of opium and mercury, he was suspected, on more than one occasion, to have used both. This he is said to have effected by ingeniously combining them with things of a plastic nature, so that they could easily be moulded into the form of roots, in which character they were imposed upon the patient. But the friends and admirers of Doctor Horehound declared that this was all a fabrication, got up by his enemies among the regular part of the faculty ; who, finding they could not put

him down by fair means, resorted to this foul slander to effect their object.

Besides the annoyance of Pulltoggle and Horehound, who showed themselves in Crincumpaw too frequently for the peace, pleasure, and good digestion of Doctor Duckworth; there was a Cancer Curer, or doctress, as she was called, within a few miles of him, who added still further to his vexations. Mrs. Dumps, a short little woman, four feet one, with a great hunch on her back, was famous in all that region for curing lumps, bumps, and tumors, which she did under the frightful appellation of cancers. She did not profess any skill in other diseases, nor was she supposed to possess any. But the firm belief among her employers was, that she was inspired with a knowledge of the symptoms and cure of that most dreadful of all complaints, the cancer.

This disease, if all accounts be true, was exceedingly prevalent in her neighborhood. Tumors of all kinds were submitted to her inspection, and forthwith assumed the character of cancers. If they were indolent, without pain and without redness, they looked suspicious; for cancers were very apt to put on such symptoms. If they were red, angry, and painful, the symptoms were decidedly bad; for cancers were very apt to appear in the same way. A solitary pimple, rising on the lip, the nose, or the eye-lid, was declared to be a cancer past all doubt. Those parts were subject to cancers; and

the most dreadful deformities, the most excruciating pains, and death itself had been the consequence.

There is nothing more alarming than the idea of a cancer. To have one's nose eaten off—to have one's lips gnawed away—to have one's eyes extruded from the head—to live an object of disgust, and die an object of loathing—what could be more horrible? Mrs. Dumps was applied to in these threatened evils; and she seldom failed to avert them—or, what was the same thing for her interest and reputation—she had the credit of doing so. Her patients seldom died of a cancer. In fact, having created the disease, it was no more than reasonable that she should have the command of it.

Her principal mode of cure was, by the use of a *Cancer Plaster*, which drew out the disease by the roots; and many marvellous tales were told of the drastic nature of this remedy, which it was believed would draw with very nearly the force of a four-ox team. The roots of the cancer were oftentimes very difficult to extract, winding round and clinging with great tenacity to the neighboring parts. But when the famous plaster was once applied, it never failed to eradicate them, to the very last fibre. These roots were sometimes of an extraordinary length; and would adhere to the parts for several days, or weeks, after the main body of the cancer had taken its leave. In one instance, they are said to have stretched from the nose to the bottom of the waist; in another, to have reached as low

as the knee ; and in a third, very nearly to have taken the proboscis with them—the cancer, in the mean time, like a plummet attached to a cord, dangling at the end—or like a crab, which they were said to resemble, swinging and kicking at the end of the angler's line.

Such were the reports, of which; being somewhat extravagant, the reader will not expect me to vouch for the truth. But they were believed by those who told them, and many of those who heard them, to be as true as the gospel ; and he who disbelieved them was accounted a very great heretic, and deserving little better than the stake.

Mrs. Dumps and her Cancer Plaster were, as might naturally be supposed, viewed with no friendly eye by Doctor Duckworth. Her plaster interfered with the use of his knife ; and he was deprived of many a fair opportunity of showing his cutting skill. He was for slashing off all excrescences, whether cancers, wens, or warts. She was for eradicating them all, under the appellation of cancers.

Hence they could not agree. And as he abused the natural bone-setter, and the root doctor, so he was not backward in railing against the cancer doctress. He called her a little, short, crook-backed, dumpling devil ; whose mind was as deformed as her person, and who did'nt know a cancer from a cataplasm. He was astonished that people should put any faith in such notorious quacks, and quackesses ; and above all that such a stumpy, dumpy,

misinformed thing, as the cancer doctress, should ever make people believe for a moment that she knew any thing.

They had several hard battles with the tongue, which, whatever doubts Duckworth might entertain of her surgical skill, he was forced to acknowledge she could use with striking effect. He declared her tongue was hung in the middle, and went both ways ; that it was longer than her whole body ; and that she spit fire like a dragon, and venom like a toad. Notwithstanding all this he was rash enough to attack her. One day, as he met her, he began—

“ Good morning, stumpy Dumps.”

“ Good morning,” said she, “ fooly quack.”

“ How many warts have you changed into cancers in the course of the last month ?”

“ Not so many as you have patients into corpses, in the course of the last fortnight,” retorted she.

“ Umph !—That’s a lie !”

“ Umph !—You’re a gentleman—and that’s another.”

“ Such a little, crooked, ignorant, lying, deceitful toad had’nt ought to be suffered above ground.”

“ I should soon be below, if you had the doctoring of me. You tell about people being little crooked, lying, and all that ! Why, your soul, in that great body of yours, is like a grain of mustard seed in a bushel basket ; your mind, small as it is, is more crooked than my body ; and as for ig-



norance and lying, all the knowledge you ever had is hardly enough to keep you out of fire and water ; and all the truth you ever told in your life, would'nt keep you from the devil's clutches, the fifth part of a second."

" Good bye to you, little stumpy Dumps," said Duckworth, as he turned suddenly upon his heel.

" Good bye to you, great big nothing" retorted the cancer doctress, as she saw him begining to retreat ; " take a person of your own size next time you have any thing to offer."

## CHAPTER IX.

*Good Fortune of Doctor Duckworth—Discreet and Affectionate Conduct of his Wife—His Improvement in Language and Manners—Heaping Sundry Diseases on the same Patient—Magnifying the Danger of a Case to enhance the Credit of Cure—A Specimen thereof in the Case of the Widow Jones.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the annoyances and rivalries recorded in the last chapter, Doctor Duckworth had little cause on the whole to be dissatisfied with the allotments of fortune. His practice was extensive, and daily increasing. He had got beforehand in the world; he had built him a handsome house; and he had money due to him. In his domestic relations he was fortunate. His wife was industrious, good-tempered, and fruitful. She brought him six children in seven years—three of each sex—all of whom were lusty thriving children.

Of his professional blunders, troubles, and vexations, his wife heard very little; and what she did hear, she suffered, as the saying is, to pass in at one ear and out at the other. The stories told to his disadvantage, she either, like a true wife, did not

believe ; or, believing them, did not think it any part of her business to torment herself or her husband on their account. He was a doctor, and had a good practice ; therefore she could not believe him to be an ignoramus, or suppose the public believed so. If learned men, other than members of the faculty, are little capable of estimating a physician's knowledge of medicine ; much less is a woman, of ordinary education, capable of making a correct estimation. Indeed, it is a common opinion, as well among men as women, that a physician's talents are to be measured by the amount of practice he gets.

Duckworth, whatever might be his other faults, was no bad husband. The unhappy temper of his mother, and the hen-peckedness of his father, had afforded him an example, which he had sense enough to avoid. Indeed, with Susan Lovejoy for his wife, he was in no danger of being hen-pecked ; and he had no occasion on his own side for the severe exercise of conjugal authority. He provided well for her wants and those of his family ; and she was attentive to his comfort and convenience. If he returned home cold, wet, fatigued, or hungry ; she was ever ready to comfort and cheer him. If absent at meal time, she had some good thing reserved and kept warm, against his return : a choice bit of toast in the morning ; a fine piece of meat at noon ; the water steaming hot for tea in the evening. If he returned drenched with the rain,

she was ready to wring and dry his clothes, and to furnish him another suit, if he chose to change them ; though sometimes she could not help smiling at the recollection of the sponging she gave his coat on their first acquaintance.

Duckworth, as the reader has doubtless observed, had improved somewhat in his general language, owing to that necessary intercourse with society which resulted from his professional labors. He had got rid of sundry of those rustic terms and phrases, which he took with him from the farm. The morality of his improvements might indeed, in some instances, be doubted—such for instance as changing his *darns* into *damns*, and the like ; but, being such as he had acquired since his entrance into a higher condition of life and a politer state of society, he was very well satisfied with them.

As to his professional, or technical language, it had undergone little alteration. He had added some new words, but had not improved the old ones. It continued altogether to be the most bombastic, unauthorized, and ill-assorted stuff that could well be imagined. He was fond of high sounding words, and loved to jumble together a long string of them in the same sentence—so as to astonish the people, and give them a high idea of his medical attainments. Even in his common conversation, he was fond of dragging in hard words, which, as he did not understand them himself, so he ima-

gined they would be sufficient to puzzle the ideas of his hearers.

The manners of Duckworth, as well as his language, had in some degree improved—and from the same cause, to wit, the intercourse of society. He could be very tolerably polite when occasion seemed to demand it, and when he had no rival to abuse. But his politeness, as well as his language, was graduated to different circumstances and occasions.

His practice, as well as his language and manners, had also undergone some change. But every change is not an improvement. One error may be substituted for another. A third may take the place of the second ; a fourth, of the third ; and so on to the end. As he used to declare in his expressive language, there is more than one way to kill a cat. Patients could be eased of the burden of life, as well by the new mode, as the old one. New remedies, and new modes of administering them, could prove equally efficient the wrong way, as the old ones.

But one of Duckworth's methods, to which he adhered throughout, and which gained him great reputation with the common people, was, to heap on the same patient a great many diseases at once. Sundry medical writers of eminence have declared, that no two general diseases can prevail in the same person at the same time. But Doctor Duckworth

had never heard of this doctrine ; or, if perchance he had, it was no part of his interest to broach it to his employers.

The more diseases he heaped upon his patient at once, the more credit he got if he chanced to cure him, and the less blame if he chanced to let him die. Half a dozen, or more, diseases, all individually mortal, when attacking one poor patient in combination, must of course require something more than ordinary skill to effect a cure. They were like a host of armed giants, attacking one poor defenceless man, to rescue whom, it would require a champion of no common prowess.

Magnify the danger of defeat, and you enhance the credit of victory. So reasoned Duckworth. He therefore not only gave his patients plenty of diseases to cope withal ; but he took care to make those diseases of a very violent grade—clothing them, in most instances, with sundry dangerous and mortal symptoms, which it would require all his skill to remove ; and which, in all probability, would play the devil with the patient in spite of his skill.

As a specimen of his judicious proceeding, take the following case of a woman with a remittent fever.

*Doctor.* [*Feeling the pulse.*] How long have you been sick ?

*Patient.* I was taken unwell yesterday.

*Doctor.* Yesterday! and you put it off so long before you sent for me!

*Patient.* Why, yes, doctor, I was in hopes I should get well without sending. Besides I'm a lone widow, and it's very expensive employing a doctor.

*Doctor.* For that very reason you should have sent earlier. You've done very wrong in putting it off till this time. You should have sent the moment you was taken.

*Patient.* Why, do you think there's any danger, doctor?

*Doctor.* Danger! [*ominously shaking his head*] I'll tell you by and by.

*Patient.* Tell me at once, doctor, do, if you think I'm in a dangerous condition.

*Doctor.* I don't want to scare you to death, just now; besides, I must examine a little farther into the case. Run out your tongue.—Foul! very foul! Crust an inch thick!

*Patient.* An inch thick, doctor! Why, that's thicker than my whole tongue.

*Doctor.* I can't help that. Your tongue is all crust. I suppose you feel hot and burning, don't you?

*Patient.* Rather so, doctor. But I have more fever one time of day than the other.

*Doctor.* Your skin is sizzling hot now. I've very near blistered my fingers feeling of your pulse. I dare say you feel dry and thirsty?

*Patient.* A good deal so, some part of the day.

*Doctor.* What do you drink, when you're dry?

*Patient.* Nothing but cold water.

*Doctor.* Cold Water!

*Patient.* Yes, doctor, I have excellent, pure, cool water. I does my heart good to drink it.

*Doctor.* It's very detrimental though in a fever. I wonder it has'nt killed you before now.

*Patient.* Why, doctor, I thought 'twas the most natural drink one could take in a fever.

*Doctor.* And that's the very reason it's detrimental. Every thing that nater craves should be denied. She don't know what's good for herself. If you follow her inscriptions, she'll kill you as dead as John the Baptist.

*Patient.* It was Herod that killed John the Baptist.

*Doctor.* Yes, but if he had'nt had any thing to do with cold water, he never would have died as he did. I tell you it's the most detrimental, deleterious thing that any patient ever took in a fever.

*Patient.* But it tastes so good, and makes one feel so comfortable—"

*Doctor.* That's the very thing I object to. A sick person should never think of feeling comfortable. It's the worst kind of feeling in the world. It's deceptive, and in a very short time will carry a man to his grave. No, ma'am, always recollect this—the worse you feel when you're sick, the better. Therefore you should never drink cool water. Let



nater cry for it as much as she will—never mind her—she's like a spoilt child, she don't know what she wants. No, never touch a drop of cool water in a fever.

*Patient.* What should I drink then, doctor?"

*Doctor.* Nothing, if you can help it; but if you can't, you must take a little hot catnip tea, as strong as you can drink it.

*Patient.* That'll make my fever worse, doctor.

*Doctor.* So it should. That's the only way to cure it.

*Patient.* What! by making it worse?

*Doctor.* Certainly; that's a fixed principle in the doctor's profession, that every thing must be worse in order to be better. You must drink hot drinks so as to conglomerate the inward heat, and concentrate it with equal diffusion over the whole system. Otherwise it will come to a dead focus about the vital parts; and then it's a gone case with you.

*Patient.* Well, doctor, you know best—or ought to; but I never thought cool water hurt me yet.

*Doctor.* But you don't know how soon it may. Your case is a very dangerous one.

*Patient.* Do you really think it dangerous, doctor?

*Doctor.* I've just this minute told you 'twas *very* dangerous.

*Patient.* Of course you know best; but it seems to me I've been sicker than I am now, and got over it, when doctor Collins—"

*Doctor.* Doctor fiddlestick ! What did he know about fevers, and diagnostics, and cataplasms ?

*Patient.* I don't know, I'm sure ; but he cured me when I had a fever.

*Doctor.* What sort of a fever ?

*Patient.* A remittent, I think he called it. I was very much then as I am now.

*Doctor.* How do you know you was ?

*Patient.* By my feelings.

*Doctor.* Hav'nt I just told you that the feelings are deceptive ? You should never put any faith in your feelings.

*Patient.* How am I to know whether I'm well or sick, then ?

*Doctor.* By sending for the doctor. You should never trust yourself with your own case ; it is very great presumption. By waiting so long before you sent for me, and drinking cold water because it made you feel better, you've got into this dangerous state.

*Patient.* Do you think I've got any thing more than a remittent fever ?

*Doctor.* More ! Yes, you've got half a dozen fevers—among which is the atter-billious, the ram-bellious, the raging-typhus, the intermixed, and the double-inflammatory ; besides a little touch of the pumpneumony, and other complaints.

*Patient.* All them, doctor ? Why, you frighten one.

*Doctor.* I don't wish to do that by any means.

But it's my duty to tell you that your case is a very implicated one. I'm not among them doctors that flatter people ; I tell 'em the plain truth, especially when they're in a dangerous way—so that if they die, they need'nt blame me for it. I don't want to alarm you, unnecessarily, Mrs. Jones. But if you hav'nt made your peace with heaven—"

*Patient.* I've always been at peace with heaven.

*Doctor.* So you may think ; but all appearances are deceptive. The nateral man, as Ponchus Pilot said, is deserving of everlasting erudition. There is no soundness in his bones, and no amplitude in his flesh. He's altogether unsophisticated, and fit only for the devil. His good thoughts are all bad, and his good deeds are all worse and worse continually. It is'nt my business to preach ; but I hope you'll take what I say in good part, and with all sincerity begin to look out betimes—for as St. Barrabas says—

*Patient.* Barrabas was a murderer.

*Doctor.* That makes no difference. Murderers turn out the very best of saints, when once they've repented of their evil deeds. Did you ever read the last dying professions of Bruising Jock ? I'll borrow them for you of Doctor Whistlewind, but I'm not on good terms with him now—he's a stupid old quack, that Whistlewind. But the last dying professions of Bruising Jock are very exemplifying.

*Patient.* I never can bear to read such things.

*Doctor.* That's a bad symptom.

*Patient.* What is?

*Doctor.* Why the impugnation you have to such kind of books as them dying professions. It shows how unprepared you are for the solstitial world—for the company of Jacob, and Jezebel, and all them good saints, that my mother and Parson Longgrace used to tell me about when I was a child.

*Patient.* You'd better leave those things to your mother and Parson Longgrace, and confine yourself to medicine. Your preaching is worse than your practice.

*Doctor.* I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jones. As I said before, preaching is not my business; but I thought I might, as it were, kill two birds with one stone. But as you misincline, I'll confine myself to the mortal part, and make all despatch in the way of my profession. As you have so many diseases upon you, it will be necessary to superscribe a variety of remedies.

*Patient.* Don't give me many, doctor; I'm not fond of taking a great deal of medicine.

*Doctor.* You must take it, or you'll die; there's no choice in the matter—no alternative. You must take a different remedy for each different disease. For the atter-bilious fever, you must take a smart vomit; for the ram-bellious fever, you must have a powerful purge; for the raging typhus, you must take wine, ether, and other stimulations; for the intermixed fever, you must take antinomian

wine in small doses, and be blistered on the ankles, wrists, and stomach; and for the double inflammatory, you must be bled, and take a powerful sweat.

*Patient.* Must I undergo all that, doctor?

*Doctor.* All that! yes, and more. You must take a variety of remedies mixed together for the pumpneumony, and have a large blister spread over your chest into the bargain.

*Patient.* The remedies will kill me, doctor.

*Doctor.* Well, better die of the remedies than of the disease—or rather, I should say, diseases; because, as I mentioned before, you have a conglomeration of them. It is a principle in the practice of medicine, never to let the patient die of the disease, whatever may happen from the remedies. That would be giving way to nater, which as I said before, don't know what's good for herself.

*Patient.* If I must die, I'd rather have the disease kill me than the doctor.

*Doctor.* That's a very hetrogeneous principle to entertain; and I'am afraid 'twill have a bad effect upon your case. You should always submit explicitly to whatever the doctor superscribes.

Duckworth now proceeded to bleed his patient, to spread the blister-plasters, and to deal out the various medicines prescribed. Mrs. Jones told him, as he was taking leave, that he need not come again unless she sent especially for him; as she

was fully persuaded the present remedies would be quite sufficient.

The truth is, the Widow Jones had been among the few who adhered to Doctor Collins; and this was the first time, since he left Crincumpaw, that she had had occasion for a physician. She had little faith in Duckworth from the beginning; and the present case fully confirmed her opinion to his disadvantage. She therefore laid aside the blister-plasters and the medicines, and sent to a neighboring town for a physician in whom she might place more confidence. Thus ended this case, as far as Duckworth was concerned. But he rarely met with patients so impracticable as Mrs. Jones.

But it was not his invariable practice to heap a great variety of diseases on the patient at once. Such a course might have excited suspicion by its very uniformity. To vary his mode of proceeding a little, he would sometimes announce that the patient had one exceedingly powerful and dangerous disease; but that, nevertheless, he might get well, provided no other disease, still more powerful and dangerous did not supervene and carry him off.

He had numerous cases of this kind in the course of his practice. Such a one, said he, was taken very bad with a pleurisy. I had little hopes of him. Nevertheless, by the use of powerful and most judicious remedies, I laid the pleurisy flat on its back, and the patient was fast recovering—when, lo! the d—d rebellious fever set in and killed him as dead as a her-  
ring.

## CHAPTER X.

*Changing the Manners to suit the Patient—Yaccup Donnervogel, a Bruising Dutchman—Specimen of his Pugnacity—A Fight with a Hard Head—A Broken Arm—A Scene in the Setting thereof—Battle with Barney O'Blunderbuss—A Broken Head—An Attempt at Boring the Skull—Recovery and Wrath of the Patient.*

To some of his patients Duckworth was bold and rough ; and he found this method most popular with a certain class. Among these was a stout Dutchman, by the name of Yaccup 'Donnervogel—which, being put into English, signifies Jacob Thunderbird—and by this title his acquaintance sometimes addressed him. The Dutch in New England have never been numerous ; but here and there a little squad, or a single family, have occasionally fixed themselves ; and Crincumpaw became the residence of the Donnervogels, or Thunderbirds.

Yaccup was a rough, swearing, boisterous fellow ; was fond of driving a good pair of horses ; drank more rum than was necessary ; sometimes got blue ; and being blue, grew valorous and got his head broke. He sometimes also, on these drinking occa-

sions, drove his horses and wagon over a rock, off a bridge, or down a precipice ; and thus again made work for the doctor.

Of his pugnacious disposition when fuddled, he gave a striking specimen one training day ; when, having drank a goody portion of a pail of toddy, wherewith the captain had treated his men, he felt ripe for battle. The treating is usually the last thing previous to dismissal ; and being now at liberty, Yaccup cast about him for a fight. Throwing his hat on the ground, pulling off his coat, and spitting on his hands, he exclaimed—

“ I shtumps any man to fight me, py—”

“ No swearing !” said the tithing man, who stood near.

“ No ? Well den, Mishter tidleman, I’ll fight mit-out shwearin, tam me if I ton’t. Schentlemens-fellow-sogers, who’ll fight ? I shtumps ye all from de piggest to de shmallest.”

After making sundry demonstrations of battle, and finding nobody to accept his challenge, he ran furiously at a stone wall which bounded the green, and singling out a certain hard head of granite, exclaimed, “ If nopody elshe will accept mine shtump, den tam me, put I’ll peat out de prains of dis here shtone !”

Thus saying, he fell on with the whole power of his fist, smiting the stone again and again, and calling it “ de tamdest hard-headed son of a hoont he ever fought mital in his life,” and he did not desist,



until the skin was thoroughly beaten from his knuckles, and his hands ware streaming with blood.

This however was not a case in which he deigned to employ a surgeon. But a broken head, or, a broken leg, was a different affair; and Duckworth, who was a particular favorite of his, had on more than one occasion been called in to repair the accidents of a careless drive, or a saucy fight.

He was one day sent for, by Donnervogel, to mend a broken arm. "Ha! you infarnal Thunderbird," he exclaimed, as soon as he entered the room, "who have you been fighting with now?"

"Fightin, toctor! I been't been fightin at all, more as I trove mit mine wagon and horses to<sup>own</sup> a shteepp pank pesides de roat, and upset and proke mine arm."

"You'll break your rotten neck one of these days."

"Well, supposin in case I do, toctor, can't you upset it for me?"

"*Upset* it! why don't you talk grammar English?"

"Cause wy, toctor, I been porn in Charmany, a raal Tutchman, and no good-for-nottin Yankee. How should I know how to shpoke de krammar English? But, toctor, you tyfel, upset mine arm quick, pefore I knocks you town."

"You can't knock me down with your arm broke."

“Yaw, but dat is de todder arm.”

The doctor now went to work to ascertain the situation and character of the fracture.

“Oh, toctor! toctor! how you pears on! your tyfelish pig paw is more heavier as an anvil, and more rougher as de paw of a pear. Holt! tam it, holt! wat is you agout?”

“Hold still yourself, you harum scarum, bruising curse, you. How do you think I can set your arm, if you won’t have patience?”

“Patience! mine Gott! how can a man have no patience mit such a tam cobble-up pone-setter as you? Wy don’t you put him in blace fortmit—and not squeeze him, and pend him, preak him, more as he was afore?”

“That’s the way to set it, you fool.”

“Wat! set it py preaking it more worse?”

“Yes, you infarnal thunderbird, you; that’s always the way to mend a broken limb.”

“Den heffen safe me from all proken limps, I say.”

“Heaven save you!—you careless, drinking, fighting devil, you ain’t worth saving. You’ll get killed in some of your d—d scrapes; and then you’ll go to Belzebub’s kitchen in short order.”

“Pelzepup! Wat do I cares for him?” he can’t holt a cantle to Yaccup Donnervogel for raal knock town and trag out pisness.”

“But he’ll roast you high and dry, and baste you with brimstone. You don’t know the fellow yet.”

“No, py kracious! and I ton’t want to, if ‘dat’s de way he sarves de folks wat koes to see him.”

After a good deal of swearing, *pro* and *con*, and two or three cracks on the sconce which the doctor gave his patient to keep him still, the bones were at length adjusted. But when he began to put on the splints, Donnervogel asked him what he was going to do “mit all dem poards?”

“I’m going to toggle up your arm.”

“Doggie up mine arm! Py heffens, toctor, you peest de greatest doggler dat ever upset a pone in all greation. Wy, man alive, how shall I trive mine horses mit all dis shplinterin, and poardin, panditchin? I can’t stir mine arm one pit, hant nor foot.”

“Hold still, before I crack your numskull again for ~~that~~,” said the doctor, menacing his head with a splint.

“Well, toctor, ~~you~~ you are de queerest, saucy tyfel I ever set on mine two eyes; and I ’spose as how I must opey you.”

The arm was at length finished, and slung by a handkerchief to Donnervogel’s neck; from whence, after being suspended a couple of months, it came forth as crooked as a ram’s horn.

But this did not deter the Dutchman from bruising and boxing as much as ever. Having one day got into a battle with Barney O’Blunderbuss, the Hibernian gave him such a blow on the sconce, that he was taken up for dead.

Barney in a great fright ran for the doctor.

"I've kilt a man! I've kilt a man, docthor!—clane dead as a door-nail—and I want you should run and see him instantly, afore he's clane gone past all redimption. Och! and ahone! that iver I should come to Ameriky to be hanged, when there's so much hemp raised in ould Ireland."

"Who is the man?" asked the doctor.

"And who should he be," returned the Irishman, "of all the world, but Mishter Donnervogel, the fight-in Dutchman that's for knocking ivery body down that stands afore him—bad luck to him!"

"Tis bad luck to him sure enough, if you've killed him."

"He's kilt, docthor, he's kilt clane dead—and that's the raison I'm afther ye in sich a hurry. I hope they won't hang me quite, saain it was'nt done with malice afther forethought, but in fair and jontale combat, as one jontleman kills another the world round. St. Pathrick he knows I did'nt mane to kill him at all at all."

As the patient was no farther off than landlord Lovejoy's, the doctor was instantly by his side. He was lying on a bench in the bar-room, without sense or motion; and the bystanders, of whom there was a considerable number collected, believed him to be fairly dead.

"Ah! he's got his portion now," said one, "he won't want another knock-down for one while."

"It's just upon him," said another; he's always bruising and fighting, and I was sure he'd get killed at last."

"Who struck first?" asked a third.

"The Dutchman," said one.

"The Irishman," said another.

"No, 'twas the Dutchman," repeated the first, "for I see him with my own eyes."

"I say 'twas'nt the Dutchman," said the second, "for I was looking on all the time, and I see the Irishman strike first."

"I tell you, 'twas the Dutchman."

"And I tell you, you don't know any thing about it. Barney gin the first blow; and he'll have to be hanged, if ither on 'em."

Thus they disputed; and were near coming to blows themselves. As for Duckworth, as soon as he saw the patient, lying mute, motionless, and, to all appearance, dead, he declared he must be trepanned. No sooner said, than at it he went.

"In the first place," said he, "flourishing a scalpel, "I must denude the cranium by a crisscross incision." Thus saying, he cut down to the bone, in the fore part of the head, and turned up the scalp. "Now," continued he, "the next thing is, to bore through the skull; and here I apply the trappan."

As he said this, he produced an inch auger, and applying it to the cranium, began vigorously to turn it round and round.

"Do you call that a trappan, doctor?" asked one.

"Don't disturb the operation by foolish questions," returned the doctor, still vigorously plying the carpenter's tool.

"It looks to me," said another, "very much like a common pod-auger; and, if 'twas 'nt in the doctor's hands, I should say 'twas one; howsomever, the doctor knows best."

"Hush? hush your gabble!" said the doctor—"There, now! you've made the auger—the trappan I would say—slip, by your confounded talking."

Whether it was, that he was aroused by the agitation his brain received from the auger; or whether he was recalled to his senses by the returning powers of nature; one thing is certain, that in a very short time Donnervogel, who had merely been stunned, opened his eyes and exclaimed "Wat de tyfel is you toin mit mine headt?"

"Boring it out," returned the doctor.

"Porin it out," said the patient, putting up his hand and seizing hold of the auger, "Wat for-you pore it out, ha?"

"Hold still! and ask no questions, you thunder-bird," said the doctor, endeavoring to continue the revolutions of the auger.

"Holt shtill! mine Gott!" exclaimed Donnervogel, in great wrath and astonishment, sitting up and endeavoring to wrench the instrument from the hands of the operator, while the blood streamed down over his face.

"Holt shtill! and let you pore mine headt trough yust like one blog of woot, mit a tam tull auger! I no understants it."

Duckworth still held fast to the instrument, and

insisted upon finishing the operation ; alleging that it would be a great shame to let a patient go with his crankum half bored through. But as Donnervogel thought the boring, he had already had, was quite sufficient, and seemed not at all disposed to submit to the further use of the auger ; the surgeon desired some of the bystanders to hold him, while he finished the operation.

“ But the man is alive and kicking,” said one—  
“ what more do you want ?

“ That’s nothing to the case, replied the doctor.  
“ As to his being alive—any dead man might be that under skilful hands—but its very ungrateful in him to pretend to come to life, before I’d fairly trapped him. And for his kicking and struggling, I desire that he may be kept still until I finish the job. Will none of you assist me ?”

“ That will I,” said Barney, stepping forward, and seizing hold of the arms of the Dutchman—  
“ I’ll hilp ye, docthor dear ; for I kilt him, and it’s no more nor right I should hilp to cure him—so, docthor, you bore away, whiles I’ll be after houldin his hands still.”

“ Gott tam !” exclaimed Donnervogel ; and springing upon his feet, he freed his arms from the grasp of the Irishman ; and wrenching the auger violently from the hands of Duckworth, he struck him over the head with the handle of the instrument, and would have laid him sprawling on the floor, had he not been caught by the bystanders.

By a rapid movement, he next proceeded to knock down the Irishman ; and by repeated blows would have despatched him outright, had he not been seized, and disarmed by the spectators.

Both the doctor and the Hibernian, however, recovered without surgical aid ; and the Dutchman, having got a shoemaker to stitch up his scalp with an awl, was, in a very few days, ready for any new scrape into which his boxing and bruising disposition might lead him.



## CHAPTER XI.

*Meeting of the Rival Doctors at a Muster—A Case of Luxation—Dispute among the Doctors—Pulling and Hauling for the Patient—Abusive Epithets and Fierce Retorts—Words ending in Blows—A Regular Set-to—Shouts and Encouragement of the Mob—A Ground Fight—The Doctors Arrested and bound over to keep the Peace—Occasion of a Ballad—Shame of Doctor Duckworth.*

OF the contests for surgical practice, in which Doctor Duckworth bore an active part, the following may be taken as a specimen.

It was on a muster-day, when bloody accidents are expected to be rife; when broken heads, fractures, and dislocations are expected to grow on every bush; that all three of the rivals—Whistlewind, Duckworth, and Pulltoggle—were present on the field. Neither of them belonged to the medical staff; but all were ready to take advantage of any accident that might occur, whether to soldier or spectator, on those patriotic occasions. The two former were provided with bandages and instruments, ready to close a wound or to make one;

to extract a wad or mend a broken bone. While the latter was equally ready to take advantage of any mishaps in the way of fracture or luxation.

These three worthies had waited till they were nearly out of all patience, before any accident, worth attending to, happened. It was late in the day, when the horse of one of the spectators, startled at the report of a field-piece, threw his rider and dislocated his shoulder. One person ran for Whistlewind, another for Duckworth, and a third for Pulltoggle. Each of the doctors set out with the utmost haste to get to the patient first; and it so happened that they all arrived about the same time.

The man's coat had been removed previous to their arrival; and Duckworth, as soon as he came up, seized hold of his arm, and declared it was both dislocated and broken. Pulltoggle, snatching the limb from Duckworth, pronounced it to be simply a luxation, but one of an uncommonly bad kind. Whistlewind, grappling the arm in his turn, called them a couple of d—d fools; and said they didn't know a dislocation from a fracture, nor a fracture from a contusion.

"That's another of your infarnal lies!" exclaimed Duckworth, snatching away the patient's arm; I've got more skill in the tip of my little finger, than you have in your whole body, head, hands, and all. Besides, what is't to you, whether I know any thing or not? The patient is mine."

"Your'n!" exclaimed Pulltoggle, seizing hold of the limb and endeavoring to wrest it from Duckworth; there's where your're mistaken, Mister. The patient is mine."

"The devil he is!" ejaculated Whistlewind; "you're cursedly out in your reckoning there, as well as your brother quack. The patient is mine." And he also grappled the limb.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" exclaimed the poor fellow in agony—"don't tear my arm off, I intreat you; but set it some of you, do."

"I'll set it for you," said Whistlewind. "I'm used to the business."

"Used to it!" said Pulltoggle, turning up his nose with great contempt; "so was my father's old horse used to blundering: he blundered when he was a colt; he blundered when he was a full-grown horse; and he kept blundering on till he died. For my part, I was born a bone-setter."

"You was born a fool," said Duckworth, "and you've continued to be one ever since. All you know, is, how to gull the people." Then addressing the patient, he said, "I'm the surgeon for you; I'll put your arm to rights in a workmanlike manner. No toggling from me."

"The patient is mine," reiterated Whistlewind, "I was the one that was sent for, and it's very presumptuous in you to interfere. Attend to your own patients—if there's any body fool enough to employ you—and let mine alone."

"Fool enough!" exclaimed Duckworth, fiercely—then lowering his voice to a more moderate tone, he proceeded—"if they're all fools that employ me, then all your former customers, that you did'nt kill off, are fools, for they all send for me now."

"What an outrageous liar!" retorted Whistlewind; "there is'nt a shadow of truth in what you say. Your moral character is worse than your professional—and that's needless. You get away my practice! Why, you cant keep the little you first got, in your own little smutty town of Crincumpaw—let alone coming into Toppingtown, where you never got above three patients in your life—and one of them was blind, another lame, and the third crazy."

"Who made them blind, and lame, and crazy?" asked Duckworth in a significant manner. "But there's no use in all this disputation; the patient is mine, for I was expressively sent for, and it's d—d ungentlemanly in you to come here and insist upon poking in your services, where they aint wanted."

"You're both out," said Pulltoggle, "and there aint a word of truth in what either of you say. I don't know which is the greatest liar; but I believe it's six to one and half a dozen to tother. The patient is fairly mine, for I was sent for the minute he was hurt; and I desire you'll both give way, and leave him to my care."

"Never!" exclaimed Whistlewind.

"Never!" ejaculated Duckworth.

But so fierce a contest could not long be confined to words. The trio presently came to blows. Whistlewind belabored Duckworth, and Duckworth let drive at Pulltoggle; while the latter in his turn dealt his blows upon Whistlewind. But neither of them confined his arguments solely to one antagonist. Each struck hither and thither, according to the circumstances, or the impulse of the moment. Duckworth pommelled his old master; while Whistlewind, on the contrary, laid on furiously upon his irreverent pupil; and Pulltoggle let in promiscuously upon both. Sometimes it was two upon one, and the natural bone-setter got it on both sides: Whistlewind hitting him full in the face, and Duckworth taking him under the short ribs. Again Whistlewind became the victim, receiving the united attacks both of Duckworth and Pulltoggle. While again Duckworth took his turn, as the recipient of the blows of the other two.

While they were disputing about the patient, like the Greeks and Trojans contending over the dead body of Patroclus, a great crowd of people had gathered round them; who, as soon as they came to blows, cried out, "Form a ring! form a ring!—Stand back! stand back! don't huddle round so. Make room, so that we can all see. We'll have a battle of doctors now!"

"Let me get out of the way," said the poor fellow with the dislocated shoulder.

"Take care of my crutches! don't knock out my underpinning!" exclaimed Tom Stokes.

"Part them! part them!" said a peaceable looking man.

"No! Let 'em fight! Let 'em fight!" returned several voices. "It's all in the family. Doctors are used to squabbles."

"Lay on! lay on!" shouted Tom Stokes. "Do it in a workmanlike manner—no light taps—no half-way measures—put it on faithfully—serve one another as you do the public—make cripples of each other."

"Shame! shame on them!" said another peaceable looking man. "Doctors get to fighting! It's a disgrace to the cloth."

"Not to *their* cloth," said the caustic wag on crutches—"they're perfectly safe there—no disgrace can attach to them. Their measure is full and running over."

"Will nobody help to part them?" said the peaceable gentlemen.

"No! no!" resounded all round them. "Let 'em fight it out!"

"But they'll kill one another." said the men of peace.

"They're not so public-spirited," returned the caustic wag.

"They'll break one another's bones then."

"Then let 'em mend one another's bones again," said a spectator.

"They are not such fools as to trust one another," said Tom Stokes.

Such and similar observations passed round the ring. But whatever might be the desire of some to have the combatants parted, the greater part were in favor of encouraging the battle, and would allow no one to interfere. There was one class of persons who disliked or despised the whole trio; and were therefore glad to see them maul and bruise each other. A second class wished to see the fight, because they were doctors—declaring it would be a glorious thing to tell of, that men in their station got to fighting like so many tinkers or cobblers. A third class was fond of seeing them fight for fighting's sake; and would have been equally ready to encourage any other three men in a similar contest.

From blows the combatants pretty soon proceeded to grappling. Pulltoggie seized hold of Whistlewind; and while he was endeavoring to ground him, Duckworth grappled with both, and all three came down together. A great huzzaing, and waving of hats took place, as they fell.

"The doctors are down! the doctors are down!" shouted the boys.

"What a fall was there, my countrymen!" exclaimed Tom Stokes. Go it again! go it again, most noble doctors! your patients will rejoice when they hear of it. Take care! don't come so near my crutches; tumble yourselves a little farther off, if you please."

In fact it was now little else except tumbling. The contest was, to see who should keep uppermost. Sometimes one prevailed, sometimes another. Now it was one atop of two; then, anon, it was two atop of one—the ascendancy in each case being as transient as that of each of the ruling parties in the French Revolution.

They did not, however, confine themselves entirely to rolling and tumbling; but every now and then put in a blow upon each other's faces and sides, as leisure and opportunity would permit—occasionally clawing up a handful of dirt and throwing in one another's eyes, by way of change.

How long this strange combat would have continued, had the parties been left to their own option, is uncertain; for they were at length broken in upon by a posse of constables, who carried them before a magistrate, and had them bound over to keep the peace. The bone of contention in the mean time was lost to them all: for the patient, who did not think it worth while to wait the decision of the battle, had procured Doctor Lawrence, of Cornbury, who was then surgeon of the regiment; to reduce the dislocated limb.

Never did three poor devils look more chop-fallen than the doctors, when taken into custody, and marched before the Justice of Peace. The mob surrounded, and the boys followed and hooted after them. Their clothes were torn and



soiled, and their faces were bloody and begrimed with dirt. While the legal instruments were preparing, Duckworth looked as sullen as a bull-dog who has not had his fight out, and longs to fly again at his antagonist. As for Whistlewind and Pultoggle, having rather had the worst of it, they did not much regret the closing of the contest; and were only ashamed of being dragged publicly before a magistrate for having been engaged in so disgraceful a fight.

For two or more individuals to come to blows in New England, has ever been an exceedingly rare occurrence; and the disgrace of having fought with the fist, clings to a man with almost as much tenacity as would that of having engaged in single combat with the sword or pistol. It is not strange then, that the memory of this battle, considering the circumstances and the parties concerned, should still be retained among the people of Toppingtown, Crincumpaw, and the surrounding country. It is still mentioned as "*The Battle of the Three Doctors.*" and a ballad, circulated soon after the event, is, or was lately, in being in that neighborhood. Of this precious document I recollect no more than the following stanzas:

" 'Twas on a famous muster-day  
Three Doctors fought a battle O;  
About a patient they did fight,  
And strive, like horned cattle O.

“ Respecting these three Doctors' names  
Lest you seem to boggle O,  
I'll tell you there was Whistlewind,  
And Duckworth, and Pulltoggle O.

“ For half an hour they fought it out,  
Whack ! crack ! pellmell, and jumble O ;  
And swinishly upon the ground  
They there did roll and tumble O.

“ Then came the constables along,  
And gave them all a nabbing O,  
And had them bound to keep the peace,  
Before Squire Joseph Gabbing O.”

“ However fierce Duckworth had been in the fight, and however zealous he had shown himself to continue it, until he should have fairly flogged both his rivals ; I must do him the justice to say, that he returned to his wife very much ashamed, if not of the part he had taken, at least of the woful figure he cut both in person and apparel. The name of fighting, as I said before, is so disgraceful in that region, that he durst not own the truth to his better half ; but to her exclamation of—

“ What is the matter, doctor ? you look as if you had been fighting !”

He replied in an answer, cut and dried for the occasion—“ Why I hope, Sukey, you don't think I'd be guilty of any thing so low and discreditable. I despise fighting above all things. No, the truth is, I got my face so terribly bruised, and my clothes

soiled, by the falling of my horse, who came with me all over into the dirt."

"But I thought he was sure-footed and never stumbled," said the wife.

"I never knew him to before," returned the husband, "and indeed he didn't stumble now exactly, but started at the firing of a cannon, and pitched me over head and ears into the dirt."

Mrs. Duckworth was good enough not to notice the discrepancy between the first and last accounts of the accident; but proceeded, like an affectionate wife, to bathe her husband's bruises with camphorated spirits; and to comfort and console him for his disaster. When a different report of the case reached her ears, as it shortly did, she took no notice of it to her husband—no doubt deeming him sufficiently punished; not only for the fight, but for the trumped up story he had told her, in the name and disgrace of having been engaged in such an affray.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Advantage of an Established Reputation—Death of Doctor Whistlewind—Removal of Duckworth to Toppingtown—A Sleigh Ride—General Order of the Amusement—Drive to Cornbury—The Supper—Importance of Eating and Drinking—Inspiration of a Cup of Tea—Amusements—Mrs. Motherwort again—Falling out with Doctor Duckworth—Misfortune of the latter.*

THE disgraceful squabble recorded in the last chapter, though lamented by the friends and admirers of Doctor Duckworth, did not lessen their esteem for him as a medical man.

“Fighting,” said they, “is a scandalous business—very scandalous—but we must’nt reject the professional services of a man of so much skill, merely because he was foolish enough to get to fighting. And then I dare say the patient properly belonged to him, as he was the greatest surgeon on the ground.”

“True,” said another; “but for my part, I’d employ him afore any other doctor, if he fit every day. I think, for one, he’s the greatest doctor we’ve ever had in these parts.”

Of such importance it is to a professional man to have established a reputation for superior talents. But the good people of Crincumpaw were soon to lose their inestimable doctor; or at least to be deprived of his residence among them. He had from the first cast a longing eye towards Toppingtown, as a more pleasant, populous, and wealthy place, than Crincumpaw; and he had resolved, if an opening should ever be made, by the removal or death of Doctor Whistlewind, to step immediately into his shoes. So desirable an event, however, did not seem likely very soon to happen; for Whistlewind, who was not much above the middle age, was a man of strong constitution, and seemed likely enough to double his years. But being taken with a fever, in a moment of delirium, he swallowed a dose of his own pills, and died.

Duckworth lost no time in occupying the vacant place; and bade adieu to Crincumpaw after a residence of ten years. He did not, however, by removing, altogether lose the patronage of his late townspeople; on the contrary, many of them continued to employ him as they had done before, notwithstanding a new physician had settled in his place.

But Duckworth was not without competition in Toppingtown; for three other physicians, besides himself, hastened thither on the death of Doctor Whistlewind. But the opposition was of short duration; the three, though all men of cred-

itable talents, did not obtain sufficient practice to support one; and deeming this poor encouragement, they all removed in less than a year, leaving the whole field to the possession of Doctor Duckworth.

Besides what he still retained in Crincumpaw, and obtained in other places, he had now, with the exception of a few families, the whole practice of Toppingtown. Among these few families, were those of the Rev. John Conn and William Brunson, Esq., his quondam school-fellows; the former of whom had succeeded the Rev. Mr. Brownwig, deceased; and the latter had taken the place of Mr. Warranty, removed to a neighboring town.

Duckworth could never gain the confidence of these men. They had known him from childhood; and however liable even learned men, of other professions, are to be deceived in the abilities of a physician, they never could put any faith in those of their former blundering school-fellow. But this made little difference with him. He had a very extensive practice; made abundance of money; had already acquired a competence; and needed little more of the world's goods, or indeed of the world's estimation, to make him happy. But, alas! the most prosperous state will not insure a man against the accidents of life.

Among the amusements of New-England, sleigh-riding has always held a distinguished place. It is one of the principal winter pastimes; is entered

into with a great deal of zest ; and is altogether a social amusement. Sleigh-riders are generally divided into two classes—the married and the single. These form separate companies. The young do not choose to be restrained by the gravity of the old ; and the old do not like to be annoyed by the flirtations of the young. Such is the natural conclusion ; but it is shrewdly hinted by the single ones that gravity, on these occasions, finds little place even among married people ; that, in fact, they carry their merriment to a pitch never ventured upon by the single ; and that it is the old who dread the restraints of the young, rather than the young of the old.

And there is no doubt some truth in this observation, which will hold equally good elsewhere than in New-England, and in other amusements besides those of sleigh-riding. Married people stand less on propriety of behavior in company than those who are unmarried. As the saying is, their fortune is made—that is, they have got them spouses—they are tied for better or for worse—and any little variations in behaviour, either good or bad, cannot alter their condition. While bachelors and spinsters, still having their fortune to make, and being obliged to act with the most scrupulous propriety, are frequently put to the blush by their more forward and unrestrained, because married, fellow-creatures.

It was the winter after Duckworth had got rid of

his competitors at Toppingtown, and felt perfectly easy on the score of practice ; when his wife had weaned her eighth child, and had nothing of particular moment to keep her at home, that they became part and parcel of a grand sleigh-ride, set on foot and carried into operation by themselves and sundry of their neighbors.

The mere business of riding in a sleigh is not the sole object on these occasions ; but a dance, or frolic of some kind, is connected with it. If the party consist of young persons, dancing is usually the order of the night ; if of married ones, some other amusement—such as blindman's buff, changing partners, forfeits, and the like—is not unfrequently substituted ; and grave papas and mamas, throwing aside their sober parental character, for the time being, assume that of frolicsome children.

The order of a sleigh-ride is this : All the members of the party convene at some given point, from whence they start in company, and drive in a sort of procession, or long line of vehicles, to some other point at a convenient distance—usually some tavern out of town, provided with a large hall, where dancing, or other amusements may be carried on. A supper is bespoken, and wines and other liquors are expected to be forthcoming, if called for. Here all is joy, sport, and hilarity. Dull care is given to the winds ; and life and merriment succeed. Sambo has his fiddle new strung, and his bow new rosined for the occasion ;



and sitting on a platform in one corner, while he makes all feet obedient to the motion of his elbow, fancies himself a greater man than Solomon in all his glory. Or if some other amusement take the place of dancing, then mirth, life, and frolic, move round the circle ; and the infliction of sportive penalties, the redemption of forfeits, and the romping and playing of grown-up children occupy the festive hours.

The amusements being over, the party return in the same regular order in which they went forth. It is not to be supposed, however, because they move in a line, that their procession is slow and solemn, like that of a funeral ; or stately and exact, like that of a regiment on the line of march. On the contrary, they move briskly and merrily along at a swift trot—the sleighs gliding one after another, as though they slid upon nothing—and the bells musically chiming, to the great animation both of steed and rider. But there is, nevertheless, an order even here—a rule, enacted for the preservation of the property, the life, and character of those concerned. The enactment is this—that there shall be no running of horses during the ride ; and that whoever drives his steed faster than a trot, shall forfeit and pay a certain sum of money, to be expended for the benefit of the party ; and moreover shall be held and deemed to have drunk more than becomes a respectable man, or than the occasion itself requires.

The party, of which Doctor Duckworth and his wife made one—I say *one*, because a man and his wife are one flesh—were all provided with cutters, or one-horse sleighs—which is the most common mode in these rides—each vehicle carrying one of each sex; and, in the present instance, appropriately freighted with a man and his wife.

They drove as far as Cornbury, where a hall had been provided for their reception. The first business, after their arrival and the thawing out of fingers and toes, was the taking of a preliminary mug of flip by the men, and a glass of wine by the women. Next followed the supper. There were all the dainties of the season: roast turkies, roast geese, roast ducks, roast chickens, roast beef, and roast spare-ribs; these were the principal dishes, which, being vigorously attacked and vanquished, were succeeded by a host of pies of all sorts, among which the noble pumpkin led the van. All these were accompanied and concluded by a beverage of choice bohea.

There is never any amusement before eating and drinking. It was so in ancient times; it is so still. “They sat down to eat, they rose up to play,” saith the sacred volume; and Homer never sets his Nestors, and other story-tellers, to spinning long yarns, until the rage of hunger is appeased. There is no doing any thing in the way of sport or merriment, on an empty stomach. The tongue will not wag, the joke will not pop forth, the spirits will not play

to advantage, while the stomach, that ruler and governor of the system, is wanting in those comfortable supplies, wherewith it sends joy to the heart, and vigor and activity to the whole frame.

Who, at a modern tea-party, has not noticed the effect of the Chinese beverage on the operations of the tongue? Who ever thinks of talking before tea? Nobody certainly—or, if any one is so rash as to undertake it, his efforts are like those of an unfledged bird—his words drop to the ground. A monosyllable is all he can get. A *sir*?—a *yes*—a *no*; and there is an end of it. But let the tea be carried round, let the fragrant steam mount to the nostrils; let but a drop of the liquid touch the palate; and, *presto!* the tongue is loosed. It is no longer short questions, and shorter answers. The gift of gab is unlocked; and its motley contents, like those of Pandora's box—not, however, leaving any thing, good, bad, or indifferent, at the bottom—are scattered abroad among the guests. Sipping tea, and talk—talk, and sipping tea—are the order of the next half hour. But tongues, once thoroughly put in motion, are not easily stopped; and the impulse, originally given by the tea, effectually banishes silence for the rest of the evening. What oceans of chit-chat flow from a single cup of tea!

As soon as the guests at Cornbury had finished supper, they commenced breaking the Pope's neck. I do not mean by this, that they actually broke the neck of the successor of St. Peter; or, as they ra-

ther chose to call him, "The Man of Sin;" though their will was good enough to have done it, could they have got him once fairly into their hands; for they had a great horror of popery, and believed his Satanic Majesty a very decent fellow, in comparison with him of the triple crown.

The play of breaking the Pope's neck, consists in twirling a plate on the edge, and letting go your hold; when if it fall bottom upwards, the Pope's neck is held, to all intents and purposes, so far forth as the amusement is concerned, to be fairly broken. Again the neck is to be set: this consists also in the twirling and letting go of the plate, when, if it fall with the right side up, it is held to be well and truly set. If, therefore, when ordered to break the Pope's neck, the operator should set it instead; or if, when ordered to set it, he should proceed to break it rather—he is mulcted in a fine; and pocket-handkerchiefs, pen-knives, combs, and such-like articles are levied upon—redeemable, however, at a certain price, according to the will of the judge who is appointed to decide upon the causes. The play, therefore, though it is called breaking the Pope's neck, consists equally in setting it; and derives most of its interest from the redemption of the forfeits.

Doctor Duckworth played with great zeal; and, though famed for reducing a fracture, none of all the company *broke* the Pope's neck so often as he. Though, by virtue of his profession, particularly

enjoined to set it, he did not once succeed in doing so during the whole amusement. Fines, therefore, accumulated upon him, and when the hour of redemption came, he had his hands full of business. But the redeeming of a forfeit is considered no hardship by a man of any gallantry, inasmuch as some female delinquent is always included in the same condemnation.

But, as ill luck would have it, Mrs. Motherwort, who was still in the land of the living, and as fat as ever, was present. She did not indeed belong to the sleighing party. But she was always present at all merry-makings. She was a sort of indispensable : presiding at a birth, and aiding at a frolic ; helping people merrily through the world, as well as ushering them into it. She was one of those persons, who, whatever time may say to the contrary, never consent to grow old. Notwithstanding her corpulence, and the weight of seventy-seven years, she was still remarkably active ; and fancied herself quite equal in agility to the ordinary dames of forty.

She was always ready to join in any amusements which were going forward ; and she would never have forgiven the neglect, had she not been invited to take part in the sports on the present occasion. She too, as well as Duckworth, had committed numerous errors in relation to the Pope's neck, and had a great many forfeits to redeem. It somehow or other happened that she and the doctor

were frequently united in the same trial and sentence ; although, had the latter been allowed the choice of a partner in punishment, he would have preferred to suffer with any other fair criminal, rather than with the fat and toothless old dame.

Kissing, in some shape or other, is, on these occasions, the most common penalty—at least it was so in the days whereof I am writing ; and it was poor Duckworth's lot to be sentenced, time and again, to salute Mrs. Motherwort. At one time it was, to kiss her wheelbarrow fashion ; at another, to kiss her through the tongs. Of the first of these modes he thought proper to plead ignorance ; though he had a little while before succeeded vastly well in the same manœuvre with a younger lady.

Such a slight offered to her charms, for so it very clearly appeared to Mrs. Motherwort, set the old lady in a prodigious rage ; and falling upon the ungallant doctor, she boxed his ears, until she brought him fairly back to his recollection, and compelled him to do homage to the weight of her hand, if not to the loveliness of her person.

"What !" exclaimed she, "you're a pretty fellow aint you, to try to get off that way ? But I'll show you how it's done ! I'll teach you the wheelbarrow fashion with a witness !"

"I understand it now, Granny Motherwort, I've come to my recollection completely," said the doc-

tor, after two or three smart blows that made his ears ring again.

"Oh, you begin to come round, do you?" said the old lady, "you're a man of gallantry indeed, to try to get off by pleading ignorance! Didn't I larn you how to kiss me pretty when you was a little boy, a mere infant as it were? and do you rebel now, because you're grown up, and got a wife and children of you're own?"

"It's time, I think, granny," said the doctor, edging off, and endeavoring to escape; "besides, you know my wife may be jealous of you, being so young and handsome as you are."

"None of your throwing skits at me!" said the old lady, still following him up, and giving full employment to his hands in defending his ears; "did I make a man of you, to have you come here at this time of day, and abuse me to my face?"

"No abuse, Mrs. Motherwort," said the doctor in a coaxing voice; "what I said about your beauty, and all that, is the real truth. Upon my soul, I think you look as well as you did forty years ago."

"That's before you was thought of, you graceless jackanapes," said the old woman.

"Follow him up! follow him up!" shouted several of the company—"that's right Mrs. Motherwort, stick to him! don't let him off till you've got the wheelbarrow kiss."

"I let let him off!" exclaimed the old woman;

"I give way to his boyish petulance! No, leave me alone to deal with him." Then addressing the doctor, and offering her cheek for a salute, she said, "kiss me this instant, before I—"

"Well, well, granny," interrupted the doctor, "you and I wont quarrel about a kiss." Then having redeemed the fine in manner and form prescribed, he exclaimed to himself, as he turned away, "Pshaw! curse the bristles!"

At another time it so happened that Duckworth and his wife were included in the same sentence; and here again he demurred to the order of kissing, and on this very reasonable ground, that he had enough of it at home.

"How can you say so?" exclaimed the wife; then turning to the company, she said, "I can tell you a story worth two of that—he has been so often refused at home, that he's afraid he shall meet with the same ill luck here."

"Say you so, my ducky?" retorted the doctor, and gallantly seizing his wife round the waist, and applying his lips to hers, he forthwith put an end to the slander.

To the orthodox amusement of breaking the Pope's neck, succeeded various others; such as throwing the stocking, hunting the slipper, and blindman's buff. But as all plays are apt to be spiritless without good liquor, the wine and the flip circulated merrily at intervals; and mirth and good humor kept tally with, and added a zeal to, the sports of the



evening. As for Mrs. Motherwort, she drank no wine, alleging that flip was good enough for her. She was not at all particular, and would take her lot with the men, leaving the wine to such fine ladies as preferred it. She soon became as merry as a grig; she had got over her affront at the doctor, and was the gayest of the whole party.

In playing blindman's buff—or blindfold, as it was generally termed—it came to the lot of the doctor to have his eyes covered. He moved briskly round the room, and captured many a prisoner; but having indulged pretty freely in the flip, he found it difficult to make those shrewd guesses as to individual identity in the captives, which are desirable in the blinded person. He had caught Mrs. Motherwort, whose circumference should have sufficiently indicated her personal identity—she being equal in girth to any other two ladies present. But having so often guessed wrong, the doctor, in order to make sure this time, had recourse to the very hazardous experiment of trying the weight of his prisoner. He succeeded in lifting her from the floor; but, from the unsteadiness of his brain, he lost his balance, and fell beneath the weight of the old lady. He was like Sampson, when he drew the temple of the Philistines upon him—not crushed dead, however, but the breath beaten out of his body.

People in ludicrous affliction, how weighty soever it may be, are always laughed at; and a shout,

long and loud burst forth at the misfortune of the poor doctor. But several persons sprang to help the old lady on her feet, who, however, disdaining their assistance, scrambled up of her own accord, declaring she was not yet so old, that she couldn't get up alone, though she thanked them as much as if she was.

It was some time before Duckworth could recover his breath so as to speak; but when he did, the first words he said, were, "That's Granny Motherwort, by heavens! There isn't another person in this room that has such a conglomeration of flesh as all that comes to."

"We must have something more to drink upon that," said one.

"It's the doctor's treat," said another.

"Ay," exclaimed several voices, "it's the doctor's treat! it's the doctor's treat!"

"He can well afford it," said a farmer, for beef has had a fall."

"I think medicine has had a fall," returned the doctor, gathering himself up and pulling the bandage off his eyes; "howsomever, them that dance must pay the fiddler, as the saying is; and as I've had all the sport, it is but fair that I should pay for it."

Having said this, he called in oceans of flip and of wine; and his health and that of Mrs. Motherwort were drank, once and again, in overflowing cups.

Having run through the round of other amusements, a dance was next proposed.

Cicero says a man never dances, except he is drunk. But that was in the days of ancient Rome; and is no rule for modern times. The party at Cornbury were not drunk; but they were merry enough for a dance, even without a fiddler; and a dance was decided upon.

Mrs. Motherwort, who in her younger days had been famous at a dancing tune, was desired to sing. But she excused herself, saying that she wished to join in the dance; and that she could not, fleshy as she now was, both sing and dance at the same time. However the matter was soon settled, it being decided that a certain gentleman of the company, whose joints were afflicted with the rheumatism, and whose toes were covered with corns, should act as musician.

He presently got his pipes in tune; and country dances, reels and jigs were the order for the next two hours. The dancing was not, indeed, altogether of the lightest kind; but what the performers wanted in agility, they made up in strength. They put it down with the whole power of the foot; and the house, though framed with the strong timbers of the olden time, shook through all its parts. The farmers in general were very strong dancers; but Doctor Duckworth was acknowledged, on the whole, to have borne off the palm from all his competitors, for real downright strength in dancing.

Mrs. Motherwort held out to the last, and insisted upon having a jig after the rest were disposed to

quit. As she could find no other partner, the musician, forgetting his rheumatism and his corns, gallantly led her out, or rather was led out by her—and enacted feats worthy of his own music and of her agility. With this famous jig ended the sports of the evening. A parting cup was taken, and the sleighing company set out for Toppingtown. The horses had been well fed, the road was fine, and the vehicles glided merrily on their way.

A spur in the head, saith some wise proverb-monger, is worth two in the heel. But whatever may be its relative value, it turned out to be worse than no spur to Doctor Duckworth. To the superabundance of flip, which he had drunk in the earlier part of the evening, he added a bumper of hot sling at the close; which, during the ride so wrought upon his head, that he could not be content with the trotting rules laid down for the guidance of the party, but must needs be getting his horse into a gallop.

This gait, however, he could not well maintain, because there were sleighs forward of him, and the path being narrow, it was difficult turning out. He was cautioned by his more sober companions, and entreated by his wife, not to attempt it.

“Don’t, doctor,” said she, “I beg on you now don’t try to go by. You’ll run against one of the other sleighs, or you’ll upset us, and break our bones.”

“Well, Suke,” returned the doctor, “what if I do break our bones? can’t I mend ’em again.”

" True ; but it's better not to break 'em."

" It is, ha ! what kind of doctrine is that, wife ?"

" It's sound doctrine."

" Sound ? eh ! so 'tis too sound. If every body followed it, what would become of the doctors, ha, Suke ?" When sober, he never addressed his wife in this manner. " But," proceeded he, " I tell you what it is, Suke, I'm resolved not to go so slow. Ge up ! ge ho, Cephalus !" speaking to his horse, and cracking his whip.

" Moderate ! moderate ! doctor," said his file leader.

" D—n moderate !" exclaimed the doctor ; " I'm not such a fool—I'm none of your slow-moulded fellows that go three miles in four hours. I'm a man of spirit."

" Yes, rather too much *spirit* at present," returned his neighbor.

" Kip ! kip !—ge up ! ge ho !

" Moderate ! moderate ! doctor ; it's dangerous trying to go by. You'll likely as not get your neck broke, and your wife's too."

" W-w-well, Mister," stammered the doctor, " what if I do ? My wife's neck is mine, and my neck is my own—and who's a better right to break 'em, ha ? kip ! kip !"

Thus saying, Duckworth cracked up his steed, and started by. But the path being narrow, and the bank steep, the sleigh was upset. Mrs. Duckworth received little injury ; but the doctor cling-

ing fast to the reins, and becoming entangled between his own and one of the other vehicles, was at length rescued, with sundry severe bruises, in addition to a fracture of the right leg and the left collar-bone.

They were within a short distance of Toppingtown when the accident happened; so that being helped again into his sleigh, which had escaped without much damage, his wife took the reins and succeeded in getting him home. The accident and a little leisure for cool reflection had sobered him. Some of the company proposed to go for a surgeon; but the doctor declared he was surgeon enough himself, and would set his own bones. The entreaties of his wife, and the advice of his neighbors, did not move him. He directed splints and other apparatus to be prepared; and having instructed those about him how to perform the manual part he proceeded to the reduction of his own fractures.

But they were so reduced as to take a long time in the healing; and when at length he got abroad again, it was with a shortened leg and a drooping shoulder. He went limping ever afterwards; and in riding horseback, as he always did in the summer season, he was obliged to have one stirrup shorter than the other. The vigor and activity of his left arm were somewhat impaired; but as he still enjoyed the use of his right in full perfection, his

ability in performing surgical operations continued as perfect as ever.

But if Duckworth, by the management of his own case, did not add to his reputation as a surgeon, he at least gained the credit of impartiality in subjecting himself to the same treatment he imposed on his patients ; and Brunson declared he was the first quack he had ever heard of, so disinterested, as coolly and deliberately to follow his own prescriptions.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Occasional Drunkenness—Case of Noah—No Excuse for Others—Tippling Habits of Doctor Duckworth—Temptations of the Physician to Drink—Excuses of Duckworth for the Indulgence—Remarks of the People on the Subject—Effect of Drunkenness in Raising a Physician's Reputation—Duckworth preferred, Drunk or Sober—A Puzzling Case.*

A GENTLEMAN at a sleighing party, fourth of July, or other merry-making occasion, may once in his life get drunk, and nobody think much the worse of him for that single fault. Noah, of old, got drunk—ay, beastly drunk—and upon wine too. He had not even the excuse of drinking in good company, to say nothing of sleigh-rides, celebrations of independence, and such like occasions for taking an extra horn. The builder of the ark did wonders, so long as he confined himself to *water*; but he, who passed through all the horrors of the flood unhurt, fell at last before an extra cup of *wine*.

Because one great man gets drunk, however, it is no excuse for another; and I have merely men-



tioned Noah, as a noted instance how a man may, on a certain occasion, be overtaken in liquor, without being an habitual tippler. I wish I could say the same of Doctor Duckworth; but as an impartial biographer, I am obliged to own, that an over fondness for strong drink had been for some time growing upon him. He was seldom downright drunk; but was often—to use the various expressions of his acquaintance—a little boozy; three sheets in the wind; confounded blue; pretty tolerably how come you so; a little over the bay; pretty well to live; most infernally sawed; most confoundedly cut; a little disguised with liquor; pretty well corned; half seas over; devilishly slewed; confoundedly fuddled; a little muddy; half way over the dam; as drunk as a lord; terribly groggy; shot in the neck; a little sizzled; hot as be hanged; confoundedly bent; pretty well done up; all-firedly sprung; devilishly horned; and so on, and so forth.

From all these various expressions I have no doubt but the reader will have a very clear idea of the drinking habits of Doctor Duckworth, and of the degree of intoxication to which he elevated himself on various times and occasions. If not, I can simply repeat what I have before observed, that he had contracted a habit of strong drink. He was seldom so far gone that he could not sit upon his horse, or prescribe for a patient; but that he could

always sit steadily, or prescribe judiciously, is more than I will undertake to say.

That a physician should acquire a habit of excessive drinking, is perhaps not altogether to be marvelled at. He is exposed to wet, and therefore needs something to wet his insides. He is exposed to cold, and therefore requires something to warm his stomach. He is exposed to heat, and therefore will be all the better having something to drink. And then such temptations as are set before him, what mortal can resist? Nay, Apollo himself, the god of physicians as well as poets, would have got as drunk as Bacchus with one half the provocation.


Wherever he calls on professional visits, liquors are set forth, and he is invited to drink. The aspect of the liquors is tempting, and the invitation is urgent :

“Do help yourself now, doctor, do—don’t wait for compliments—the least drop in the world wont hurt you—the weather is raw and cold, and you really ought to take something, before you go out, to keep off the chill.”—Or, “The weather is hot and sultry, and you’ll fairly melt down if you don’t take a drop of something to drink. ’Tis’nt my way to urge any body, doctor, but I advise you to take a little for your own good. Doctors are so much exposed to all weathers—to fatigue, and heat, and cold—that if any body needs spirituous liquors, they are the ones.”

Who can resist all this? Then, moreover, there is infection to guard against. There are putrid fevers, and catching sore throats, and flying consumptions. The air of the sick room is tainted, and a little ardent spirits is absolutely necessary to preserve the physician in the midst of this atmosphere of evils. And then how many foul and nauseating sights and smells does he have to encounter in the discharge of his professional duties! and how necessary it is to guard the stomach against the effects of these things.

But Duckworth needed no array of motives for indulging in strong drink. The truth is, he had a taste for it. Originally he took it without any repugnance; and latterly with an absolute fondness. He professed indeed to take it by way of medicine; and affected sundry wry faces, when swallowing it in the presence of others.

"Nauseous! nauseous stuff!" he would exclaim, as he sipped from his glass—"but that's the case with all your great medicines: jalap is nauseous, and tatteromatticks is nauseous, and opium is nauseous. But they must be taken for all that. There is no excuse—no get off. What the doctor prescribes must be taken, though it does go against the stomach." Then pouring down the liquor with a pretended effort and a shrug, he would set aside the glass, and proceed—"I despise the *mention* of strong drink—especially," he would add, in an un-



der tone, "if it is'nt *brought forward*." Then again raising his voice, he would continue—"It's a bad practice—very bad practice—this taking of the drops—unless it is by way of medicine, and by the advice of a doctor, as I do." Then again filling his glass, he would continue—"My first dose was rather a small one. The fact is, I do hate the taste of this stuff so abominably, that I'm very apt to take too little the first time, and therefore I have to repeat the dose. You know 'tis so in all medicines: they don't always operate kindly in the first instance, and in that case the patient has to repeat them." Then pouring off the second glass, with the usual accompaniment of shrugs and wry faces, he would proceed—"There, thank heaven, that's down, and I hope it will answer the purpose. But if it should require another dose, I'm resolved to take it."

"Ay," said Brunson, "and to persevere until it operates, I've no doubt."

"I always require my patients to do that," returned the doctor, "and it's no more than right, you know, to set the example myself."

"But you have a choice of medicines, while they are obliged to take such as you prescribe."

"It's all one and the same thing though notwithstanding," said Duckworth, mixing a third dose—"it's all a doctor's prescription, and must be taken whether or no—and so here goes!"

He rarely drank in sight of any person without

some preliminary, or accompanying, remarks, varied according to circumstances. Sometimes he had a complaint of the stomach, which required him to take a little now and then. At other times he was troubled with a colicky pain which would yield to nothing but brandy. Then again he was subject to the gravel, and found a little gin absolutely necessary to his complaint.

If invited to drink by his employers, he occasionally had something like the following: Why, really, Mrs. Ampersand, you know I never drink any thing, except it is now and then a drop or so, by way of medicine. I abominate spirituous liquors of all kinds. But as you follow my prescriptions, it is but fair that I should follow yours."

"How will you have it, doctor—mixed, or—"

"I'll help myself, if you please, ma'am, I prefer to regulate my own doses—as you know I best understand the nater of my constitution, and how much it takes to operate kindly."

He had an excuse for each time of day. If it was early in the morning, he found a little bitters useful before beakfast. If it was eleven o'clock, that was the only time of day in which he ever drank any thing. If it was five P. M., he always preferred taking a drop at that particular hour. If it was ten in the evening, that was a time particularly favorable for taking something; and a cup of hot sling made a glorious night-cap, wherein a man might sleep like a log.

Various were the observations made by the acquaintance of Duckworth respecting this tippling habit of his, but generally ending with this shrewd remark—“ *He’s a confounded smart man—it’s a pity he drinks !*”

And yet, among sundry of these wise persons, his reputation for smartness was, in a great measure if not entirely, owing to this very habit which they professed to lament. They had never believed in his talents, until he became a tippler. This put an end to their want of faith ; and the man, whom, while his habits were sober, they had regarded as a very stupid ignorant fellow, the moment he threw off those sober habits became in their estimation a man of superior talents.

And the people of Toppingtown, Crincumpaw, and the neighborhood, were not singular in their views on this point. Who ever heard of a drunken doctor, that had not the reputation of uncommon skill ? He is every where “ a prodigious smart fellow—it’s a pity he drinks !”

“ If Duckworth would only keep sober,” said an admirer of his, “ I’d rather have him than any other doctor.”

“ So had I,” said another—“ if it was’nt for that unfortunate habit of his, I’d rather have him than all the other doctors in creation, put ’em all together.”

“ Just so,” chimed in a third, “ if you can only catch him when he’s right sober, he’s universally

allowed by every body to be the greatest doctor in the known world. It's a pity he drinks."

"So 'tis a thousand pities," saith a fourth, "for there's no knowing what a man may do when he's drunk."

"That's true," said a fifth—"but drunk or sober, give me Doctor Duckworth for all any other man."

Such were the remarks, and such the prevailing ideas of the habits, the talents, and skill of Doctor Duckworth. It was an object to get him, if possible, in the early part of the day, before he had time, as they said, to get his rations; and persons, who were taken sick in the afternoon or evening, would, unless the case was very urgent, put off sending till the next morning. In very pressing cases, however, it is plain no such delay could be allowed; and it was sometimes necessary to help the doctor upon his horse, in order to obtain his so valuable, and indeed indispensable, services.

When he was once helped on, and his feet placed in the stirrups, by putting his horse into a round gallop, he could generally manage to keep his seat; though he was in some danger of falling off the moment he came to a halt. It was seldom necessary to hold him upon his horse during the ride; though a few such instances are upon record.

One was the case of a lady, living at some distance, who having company one evening, fell into such a fit of yawning, that she could not shut her

mouth again. This, as may well be imagined, was a most alarming case to the husband, who had no desire that his wife's mouth should be open for life. He sent his hired man, post-haste, for Doctor Duckworth. The man used all diligence; but it was nevertheless a long time before he returned.

"Well, Sam," said the impatient husband, "you've got the doctor at last, have you?"

"Yes," returned Sam, "I've brought him at last; but I had a job on't. Just hold him on a minute, will you, while I get off. I found him so far gone that I had to get another man to help me boost him on to his horse."

Here the doctor, opening his eyes with a maudlin stare, stammered out—"Th-th-that's a lie by—"

"Skip over those hard words," interrupted the husband.

"And when we'd boosted him up one side," continued the hired man, "he fell off the tother."

"Th-th-that's another lie, by—"

"Tut! Tut!" exclaimed the husband—"it's beneath a man of your cloth to swear."

"He fell off several times," continued Sam. "Howsomever, we made him stick at last; but I had to ride close beside him and hold him on all the way."

"Wh-wh-what an infarnal liar you are!" exclaimed the doctor.

"All truth," persisted Sam. "Hold fast! or he'll be off."



They now helped Duckworth carefully from his horse. He had become so far sobered during his ride, that, when placed upon his feet, he could manage to walk, though his tongue still stumbled sadly.

When introduced to the patient, he was very much puzzled what to make of the case. There sat the lady with her mouth wide open—and yet unable to speak a word—piteously gesticulating, and looking imploringly towards him. There also were the guests—whose presence had been the prime cause of the accident—still anxiously waiting to see the result.

The doctor was expected, as usual, to pronounce promptly as to the nature of the complaint. But, in all his surgical practice, he had never before met with a similar case ; and his ideas being still muddled with drink, it was time before he could make up his mind what to call it. He at length, however, after taking two or three large pinches of snuff, most of which he dropped in his bosom, stammered out very sagely, that it was the *open-mouthed locked jaw*.

“ *Open-mouthed locked jaw !* ” exclaimed the husband, doubtingly—“ I thought the locked jaw always kept the mouth closed, so that it was impossible to open it.”

“ Th-th-there’s where you’re out,” returned the doctor. Th-that’s the close-mouthed locked jaw, that you’re a thinking about.”

“ But when a door is locked,” returned the husband “ it is always supposed to be shut.”

“Th-th-that’s just nothing at all to do with the case—a door aint a lady’s mouth, and a lady’s mouth aint a door—so th-there you’re out again, Mister. But neverth-th-theless, notwithstanding, I’d ask you, Mister, What-d’ye-call yourself, whether a door cant be fastened open as well as shut? answer me that—will ye?”

This argument was considered by most of the company to be triumphant; and the doctor was pronounced to be in the right of it. But how to cure the open-mouthed locked jaw, that was the question. It pretty soon occurred to him, that an astringent would be the proper remedy; and he accordingly prescribed a strong decoction of log-wood, combined with a solution of alum and a tincture of gum kino. He also ordered a poultice, made of vinegar, mustard, and rye-meal, to be placed over her mouth, to draw it together.

That these remedies were ever administered does not appear. Duckworth was rather the wife’s doctor than the husband’s. But even she objected to have her mouth closed with a poultice; and as to the internal remedies, the husband declared she should not take them, unless at the same time she submitted to the external. Here then the husband and wife were at issue; but the matter was finally settled by sending for Doctor Lawrence, who soon reduced the *luxation*, and restored the lady to the use of her jaw.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Duckworth's Remedy for the Dropsy—His Reasoning on the Nature and Operation of the same—Employed in his own Particular Case—Increase of Dropsies by the Remedy—Its Exceeding Popularity—A Temptation to the Disease—Artificial Dropsies—An Alarming Pumpkin Case—Detection of the Cheat—A Case of Tapping—A Dry Dropsy—*

DOCTOR Duckworth could not be said in general to be strictly tied to any certain mode of practice ; but varied his prescriptions, rather according to the impulse of the moment, than the symptoms of the patient. There was, however, one disease, of which he had finally settled down into a fixed mode of treatment. This was the dropsy. His invariable remedy was *brandy and beef*.

His reasoning on this subject was most forcible and acute. "The brandy," said he, "is absolutely necessary to qualify the water. For my own part, I never take water without a judicial qualification. It's detrimental to the vital system. Lapslapius, and the other ancient doctors, used to call brandy *by the expressive compellation of acker-vity*—that

is to say, the juice of life. Now every body knows that water—especially in too much superabundance—is the juice of death.

“Water lays people in their graves in the very morning of life, as it were. It is of a cold and damp nater, and chills the vital existence through and through. When it once gets fairly hold of a man, it’ll be the death of him, excepting we can contrive some way to extrude and qualify it. It drowns out the life and soul, as it were; and leaves the human system a mere clod—a lump of unanimous dust.

“To contract these mortal and alarming symptoms, and warm and revive the animal functions, brandy is absolutely necessary. And then in regard to beef, it is of great use, being a solid substance, to oppugnate the effects of the thin and akerous parts, which constantly tend to the perpetual dissolution of the frame, and to the utter demolition of life and health, and the speedy introduction of death into the vital system.

“Brandy and beef—beef and brandy—these is the grand catholicken—the panacerrer, as it were, for the cure of all manner of dropsies and hydropsies: whether andrew-sarka, or askeeters, or hyderkippalus, or hydarthrix, or any other dropsical complaint. Brandy and beef is all in all in these mortal disorders. Brandy stimulates and exanimates, and beef solidifies and fructifies; and both, with their united powers conglomerated, hit the very principle and foundation of life.

“I know a little something by experience in my own particular personal case ; and experience, they say, is the mother of conventicles. Brandy and beef has been the stay and staff of my life for several years. If it had’nt been for them, I should have gone the way of all the earth ; I should have been drowned out, soul and body, with an andrew-sarka, superinducted upon an askeeters. I’ve been for some time very much inclined to the hydropsies ; and I ascribe my very existence to the use of brandy and beef.

“It is true, I drink other liquors and eat other food. I take a little gin, and a little rum, for certain other troublesome and vexatious complaints that I have ; and I eat other food too besides beef, by way of change and variety. But all this argufies nothing, as it were, against the main argument, which is and remains introvertably in favor of brandy and beef—beef and brandy in all watery complaints.”

And as Duckworth reasoned, so he practised. When called to a dropsical patient, he did not hesitate nor make trial of any of the ordinary remedies ; but forthwith prescribed brandy and beef. This, however, did not prevent the surgical remedy of tapping—to which, in case the brandy and beef failed, Duckworth was not in the least backward to resort.

Dropsy was a very prevalent complaint among his patients ; and, as Shakspeare hath it, might be

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said to grow by what it fed on—especially after the doctor's favorite remedy came to be well known and established. Every man, who began to increase in girth, and to put on that condition of body which is supposed to be peculiarly fitting to aldermen and justices of peace, was pronounced to be either inclining to, or affected with, the dropsy.

Nor was this annunciation, generally so appalling to the patients of other physicians, greatly apt to startle those of Doctor Duckworth. Had tapping been the first resort, they would, in all probability, have demurred to the disease. But as brandy and beef was sure to be the first remedy, they could not find it in their hearts to object to the complaint. As to the tapping, that being the last thing, they would run their chance of ever coming to that extremity—especially as, if the worst came to the worst, it would after all depend on their own consent whether they would be tapped or not.

No remedy for any disease was perhaps ever more popular than that of Doctor Duckworth for the dropsy. Indeed there were not wanting certain grave and abstemious persons, who objected to the remedy as holding out a temptation to the disease.

"Every body," said they, "will be afflicted with the dropsy, if you cure it in this way."

"I can't help that," replied the doctor; "my business, as a medicinal man, is, *catterus pizzibus*, to render my remedies as agreeable as I can to the taste of my patients. Brandy and beef is a remedy

I use myself; and it would'nt be fair to make fish of one, while I make flesh of another, as the saying is."

"But it's a bad remedy," persisted the sober ones, "which tempts people to be sick. Now if you would give them something so bitter or so nauseous, that they would never desire to take it a second time, the disease would be much less likely to spread, than under your present treatment."

"What you say may be true for what I know," returned the doctor; "but as a medicinal man, I humbly conceive it is no business of mine to prevent people getting sick. That's their own look out. It's my business to cure 'em."

Notwithstanding this argument of the doctor's, so truly professional, the opponents of his remedy were neither convinced nor silenced. And indeed their apprehensions of the effects of the remedy were by no means groundless: for many an idle fellow, who preferred to subsist on charity, rather than live by the labor of his hands, began to complain of having the dropsy. The town paupers also caught the disease; and cried lustily for the remedy of brandy and beef.

But as the mere complaint of having the dropsy, would not always suffice to convince the doctor or the public; certain tricks were resorted to for this purpose—among which the principal was the enlargement of the abdomen by some process of art—such as stuffing the clothes full of old rags, or

inserting a pillow, in case one could be conveniently obtained. Sometimes the half of a large pumpkin was adopted, which, being placed with the spherical side out, produced a very fine case of plump and far-gone dropsy.

Doctor Duckworth did not examine very closely into the nature of these enlargements, but took it for granted they were watery, and treated them accordingly — prescribing the usual remedy of brandy and beef. But there was one of the pumpkin cases which had suddenly grown to so alarming an extent, that he declared tapping was the only remedy. The patient had no desire for this, and began to regret having brought his case to such an extremity — or, in other words, having made use of so large a section of so large a pumpkin. But what was to be done? The doctor was urgent to proceed immediately to the tapping; and as he was known to drive the trocar with great force, he might possibly thrust it through the succadaneum, into the very bowels!

But the least that could happen would be a detection of the imposture; and then farewell to brandy and beef; farewell to idleness; farewell to the comforts of living on public charity. Such a result was not to be thought of. The patient pleaded hard to be allowed one day's grace, and to have an extra quantity of the favorite remedy — consenting, in case he was not better on the morrow, to submit patiently to the operation of tapping.



The doctor consented to this reprieve—for such he considered it, having no idea that even the efficacious remedy of brandy and beef, though taken in an enlarged quantity, would avail ought in the present stage of the disease. He was therefore very much surprised the next day to find the dropsy reduced one half.

“Eh!” he exclaimed—“how’s this? The dropsy better!”

“Oh, a great deal better, doctor,” said the patient. Your remedy has begun to do wonders at last—especially since increasing the dose.”

“Eh! I’d no idea of that—efficacious remedy, to be sure—but in a case so far gone—it’s marvellous! very marvellous!—Here I’ve come prepared to tap you—expecting to draw off oceans of water—and all at once I find the dropsy has gone down one half. Wonderful! marvellous! Who now will pretend to dispute the efficacy of brandy and beef?”

“Nobody I think,” said the patient. “This is a clear case; and I desire to thank the Lord for having provided me with such a physician. I hope, doctor, you wont find it necessary to resort to tapping?”

“No—no”—returned the doctor, still greatly astonished at the change in his patient—“if you continue to mend in this way, you’ll be perfectly well by to-morrow.”

But it was no part of the patient’s intention to continue this rapid amendment; and thus deprive

himself of a remedy he so well liked. When the doctor next came, therefore, he found his patient in *statu quo*—the disease having neither advanced nor receded, since his last visit. And thus it continued for some time; but being no longer urgent, he did not deem tapping necessary; and the patient still continued to enjoy his brandy and beef.

I have before had occasion to allude to that lucky figure in the horoscope of Doctor Duckworth, whereby even his mistakes were apt to redound to his reputation, and the furtherance of his interest. The deception of the pumpkin---like Donnervogel's head and Brunson's leg---turned out in Duckworth's favor; and the great reduction, which took place in the patient's abdomen in the short space of twenty-four hours, was quoted as another instance of the doctor's incomparable skill, and of the wonderful blessing of heaven which rested on his labors.

But one of the opponents of his brandy-and-beef remedy, happening to be chosen overseer of the poor, instituted a more close examination into the cases of the dropsical paupers, than had been hitherto exercised. The result was, that nearly every case was found to be a fictitious one, and owing to a stuffing of rags, a pillow, or the section of a pumpkin. The patients were of course deprived of their brandy and beef; and the doctor was deprived of his patients. But the popularity of his remedy, nevertheless, continued as great as ever.

I have observed above that all sorts of justice-of-peace-like growths and aldermanic in protuberances were set down by Doctor Duckworth to the account of dropsies, and treated in his usual mode. In these fat cases, I have no record of his ever having resorted to tapping, except in a single instance—the patients having in general preferred to adhere to the comfortable remedy of brandy and beef, rather than resort to the unpleasant one of being tapped like a hogshhead of cider.

He had, however, one patient, who, having commenced with a moderate corporation, had so plied the remedy, that at length he found it difficult to waddle about; and the doctor declared that tapping could be no longer delayed. The patient demurred at first, observing that nothing, which had ever been tapped in his house, had lasted above a fortnight. But the doctor was positive, and the patient finally submitted.

A day was fixed for the operation; and Duckworth, accompanied by two or three students, repaired to the house of the patient, expecting to draw off something like a barrel of water. The neighbors flocked in to see the operation, and to witness the flood on the breaking up of the “great deep.” The Rev. John Conn and Mr. Brunson were also present, having been invited by the doctor to witness the triumph of his art.

Squire Plumper was placed in a convenient position, having so much of his corporation denuded

as was necessary to allow a fair field for the operation. A capacious tub was set before him to catch the water ; and all eyes were intent on the scene, expecting the imprisoned liquid to rush forth, even as spruce beer rusheth on the unstopping of a bottle. The doctor, taking out his trocar, observed to his students—

“ This instrument, you will take notice, is called a trocular, and is used especially in the operation of tapping. The part of the patient in which I shall make the insertion, is denominated the lineal album ; and is situated hereabouts. Holding the trocular thus in my hand, I make a dip, when you will see the water spout forth with great violence, and run in a free and conterminous stream.”

Thus saying, he was about to make a lunge, when Squire Plumper begged he would allow him a glass of brandy before performing the operation.

“ Brandy !” exclaimed Duckworth, staying his hand ; “ this call is most untimely—it is an interception—a vexatious delay—of one of the most important operations ever performed in Toppingtown. Besides, Squire Plumper, what good do you expect the brandy will do you, when it is immediately to be drawn off along with the water contained in your internal circumference ? Wait till the artifice is closed again, and then the liquor will do you some good.”

“ All that may be true, doctor,” said the patient ;

“but with your leave I’ll take a little now, and then a little again after the operation is over.”

“Well, if you must have it, you must, I suppose,” said the doctor; “and on the whole, I may perhaps as well take a drop myself—being, as well as you, not a little dropsical.”

Thus saying, Duckworth helped himself to a glass of the juice of life as he called it, and then poured out one for his patient.

“I think they are both very clearly *drops-ical*,” said Brunson, in a whisper to the Reverend Mr. Conn; “but I doubt very much whether the patient, any more than the doctor, is overburthened with *water*.”

“I am inclined to the same opinion,” returned the Reverend gentleman. “Squire Plumper seems to me very evidently to be bloated with morbid fat rather than with water. Such being the case, ought we not, late as it is, to give a hint to the doctor, and save the man from the useless pain and the danger of an operation?”

“Why, as to the pain,” replied Brunson, “he deserves to suffer a little for trusting to the prescriptions of such a blockhead as Duckworth; as to the danger, I suspect there will not be much, for the instrument will never reach through the wall of fat by which the patient is defended. Besides, Duckworth is too headstrong to listen to any hints which may be offered.”

Notwithstanding these arguments, the humane

clergyman could not be contented, until he had beckoned the doctor aside, and asked him if he was positive the case was one of real dropsy.

"Positive!" exclaimed Duckworth, with great indignation; "do you think I'd come here to tap a man for the dropsy, if I was'nt certain he had it?"

"The best, you know," returned Mr. Conn, calmly, "may sometimes miss it; and an enlargement of fat may possibly be mistaken for one of water."

"Fugh!" exclaimed the doctor, with an air of great contempt, "do you think I'm such a fool that I don't know the angry-post from the akerous substance? I tell you Squire Plumper is a most palpable instance of the dropsy; I should'nt wonder if there was a barrel of water in him. Howsomer, if you are still faithless, Mr. Conn, I'll convince you in the trinkling of a trocular."

Having thus said, he returned to the patient, who by this time began to be rather impatient, and demanded another glass of brandy to quiet his nerves. The doctor again helped him to the liquor, having, as before, premised by taking a glass himself. He now flourished the trocar, and made a lunge; at the same time leaping a little on one side in order to escape the spouting liquid.

But the liquid refused to spout—not a drop of water came. The doctor was utterly astonished.

“Eh!” he exclaimed—“what!—no water!—the devil!—this beats me out and out. I never saw the like before—never! Marvellous! wonderful!—I’ve driven the trocular up to the hub as it were—and not a drop of water comes—strange!”

If the doctor was surprised, the spectators were in general no less so. The clergyman and the lawyer, however, were not disappointed.

“I suppose you are now convinced,” whispered the former in the ear of the doctor, “that it was not a case of dropsy?”

“Convinced!” retorted the doctor aloud—“no, sir, I defy any mortal man, or immortal either, to convince me. I know what I know.”

“There’s no question of that,” said the minister, still in a low tone; “but you will probably acknowledge that the best may miss it? I presume you will not still persist in calling this a case of dropsy?”

“I do insist upon calling it a case of dropsy—of ginuwine dropsy,” returned the doctor, helping himself to a third glass of brandy.

“But there’s no water discharged.”

“Water! ah, there’s the point,” said the doctor; then assuming an air of great professional consequence, and addressing himself to his students and the people generally—“I wish you to take notice,” said he, “gentlemen, that this is a very extraordi-

nary case—a very uncommon case indeed—it is, gentlemen, a case of *dry* dropsy.” \*

“ And yet it seems not to have wanted moistening,” said Brunson.

“ It’s been jest like the sile of Neversoak Plains,” said farmer Butters, “ the more it’s dranked, the drier it growed.”

As for Squire Plumper, he got well of the operation ; but still pushing the remedy of brandy and beef, and increasing the proportion of the former ingredient, in less than three months he was a corpse.

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\* A similar observation has been ascribed to an Irish surgeon, who had mistaken, for a dropsy of the abdomen, an enlargement of a different character.



## CHAPTER XV.

*A Case of Heart-Ache—The Life of Duckworth drawing to a Close—A Fancied Dropsy—Brandy and Beef—Tears of the Wife—Delirium Tremens—Frightful Hallucinations of the Patient—His Incoherent Raving—Pious Intention of the Elder Mrs. Duckworth—Her Attempt to Convert a Delirious Patient—Death of Doctor Duckworth—His Funeral and Epitaph—Meaning of A. N. Q.—Conclusion.*

THE last operation, of any note, ever performed by Doctor Duckworth, was that described in the last chapter. He had indeed a case in which he was strongly disposed to operate; but as the patient would not submit, he very prudently declined. This was the case of a young lady who had the heart-ache in consequence of having been deserted by a faithless swain. As she was in a pining condition, and frequently applied her hand to her heart, and ever and anon drew a long breath, as it were from the bottom of her chest, her kind friends must needs call in the doctor.

Duckworth had no idea of ministering to a mind diseased, and after inquiring a little into the symp-

toms, declared the girl had an *imposter* in the breast, and that he must perform an operation to discharge the matter.

"What kind of an operation, doctor?" asked the mother.

"Why, tapping the chest, to be sure," replied the surgeon.

"O dear, doctor!" exclaimed the parent, "that'll kill her for good."

"If it don't kill her for bad, you may think her very fortunate," coolly returned the doctor; "but it's no case to stand dilly-dallying about, I can assure you."

"Could'nt you scatter it with a poultice, doctor!"

"What, scatter an imposter! a collection of pulverent matter! I tell you it must be let out."

"Well, to be sure, the doctor knows best," said the old lady submissively.

But the daughter was by no means so easily managed. Though her heart was not quite whole, she was determined her chest should continue so; and she took upon her to refuse the doctor's prescription. He declared she would die—speedily, and without redemption. But time did wonders; the imposter, as the doctor called it, ceased to trouble her; the pain departed from her chest; and a new lover completed the cure.

But as for Duckworth himself, his life was drawing fast to a close. His habit of drinking, though

it had not prevented his practice, had been preparing the way to bring it shortly to an end. He had grown exceedingly corpulent; and, in accordance with his reasoning in similar cases, fancied he had the dropsy. The same cure he prescribed to others, he followed himself—which is alone sufficient to refute that vile slander, that a doctor never takes his own medicine.

Duckworth plied the brandy and beef. But, alas! the more he plied it, the bigger he grew. His friends remonstrated; but remonstrance was in vain. His wife endeavored kindly to draw him off from his preposterous cure, by recommending more gentle and cooling remedies. But the doctor only fell into a passion: he called his friends ignorant nincompoops, and his wife a meddling chit, neither of whom knew any thing about the nature of diseases or the proper mode of cure.

His wife wept. But it was in secret; for her tears, if seen by Duckworth, would only have confirmed him the more in his habits—his abhorrence of water, though briny, being such, that he would assuredly have increased the red drops for every crystal one that fell from his wife's eyes. Nor was he altogether singular in this respect: for it may be said, perhaps with truth, that the tears of a wife never arrested the drunkenness of a husband.

As Duckworth's remedy for the dropsy was a favorite one, he did not spare it, especially the liquid ingredient, the proportion of which he had vastly

increased ever since the tapping of Squire Plumper, when he made the extraordinary discovery about dry dropsy ; and reasoning from the symptoms in his own case, thence concluded it was precisely similar to that of Plumper, and required an increased proportion of brandy to reduce it to something like a moist state.

“Of all kinds of dropsy,” said he, “a dry one is the worst. It requires constant soaking. If I can only change it into the wet kind—why then there is more hopes of it. If brandy and beef won’t answer, I can then cure it by tapping. I shall tap myself as soon as ever I find my case begin to be watery. But at present, however, it goes against my stomach, I have no more to do than to endeavor to give it a thorough moistening by the exaggeration of brandy.”

But Duckworth’s complaint was like the farmer’s Neverssoak Plains—the more it drank the drier it became. He nevertheless continued pushing the remedy ; while the remedy in its turn was pushing him, from the shores of life.

He was at length attacked with a *delirium tremens*, which, literally translated, signifies trembling delirium—a disorder peculiar to inveterate tipplers. In the case of Duckworth it was hopeless. Physicians were called in and active measures employed ; but nothing could allay the raging delirium, steady the trembling nerves, or close the watchful eyes in sleep.

The elder Duckworth had some years before retired to quiet rest with his fathers; and the sod was now green above him. But an ill-natured woman is seldom in haste to die; and Mrs. Duckworth, who had closed the eyes of her husband, now came to witness the last moments of her son.

Strange hallucinations are apt to affect the patient in delirium tremens, and he fancies himself surrounded and tormented with insects, reptiles, and other odious beings. In this manner was the mind of Duckworth affected; and at the moment his mother entered the room, he was raving about snakes, toads, spiders, and the like.

"There! there it is!" he exclaimed, starting up in his bed---"there! see that adder---look! look---it comes this way---see its spots!---how it changes color! how it swells! how it flashes its forked tongue---Hark! hark! listen! Don't you hear it hiss---hiss-ss-ss?"

"It's I, my son---it's I!" said Mrs. Duckworth, rushing to the bed in an agony---"don't you know your own mother---your fond mother?"

Duckworth, seeing her coming, leaped from the bed in spite of his attendants, and endeavored to escape from the room---complaining that the adder was following and hissing after him. It was some time before he could be induced to return to his couch; and when he did, he insisted upon covering up his head to keep off the serpent, which he fancied was about to attack him.

But his head had not been covered a minute, when the illusion changed, and he fancied a huge spider was crawling beneath the bed-clothes, and approaching his face. Hastily dashing off the covering, he again started from his pillow, and exclaimed, with a frenzied look---“ See ! see !---that horrid spider---how it craw-w-w-ls on the pillow!---awgh ! awgh !---see its legs---they’re as long as my finger---how it strides and moves, and craw-w-w-ls!---take it away---do take it away with the tongs---it’s venomous. Just such a one---but not half so big---I gave to a patient wrapped up in bread---it did the job for him---by heaven, it did the job for him. Take it away ! take it away, do !---look ! look ! see its eyes shine---it has eyes behind, and before, and all round. Take it away ! its the devil in human shape. But what does he mean, the cowardly loon, to attack me in my bed ? Place me on horseback, and then I’m the size for him. Give me a lancet, and I aint afraid of all the devils in Toppingtown---“ There ! there !” exclaimed he striking furiously, as if to defend himself against the fancied enemy---“ there he lies with his leg broke---ha, ha, ha !---There he goes limping off---poor devil, he may go to some other doctor---I’ll not set his leg for him.”

In this manner he talked and raved, until his attendants persuaded him once more to lie down ; and Mrs. Duckworth again spoke to him in the endearing terms of a mother, and asked if he did not

know her. The fury of his delirium, was for the moment, somewhat remitted, and he gazed upon her awhile in silence.

“Don’t you know me, my son?” repeated she, taking his hand—“don’t you know your own mother, Dody?”

“Are you my mother?” he asked.

“To be sure, Dody,” said she. “have you forgotten your own mother?”

“No, I hav’nt forgot her,” he replied, “and never shall, though she’s dead and buried.”

“Dead and buried!” exclaimed Mrs. Duckworth, “how his mind wanders? My son, I’m not dead—I’m here by your bedside. It’s your father that’s dead.”

“My father!—Ah yes. I remember now—you killed him!” Saying this, he snatched away his hand, gave his mother a look of horror, and endeavored to avoid her by springing from the bed. He was however held fast by the attendants; when again glancing at his mother, he continued—“My father died by a clap of thunder!—poor man, he never could sleep—no more than I—opium! opium! I’ve swallowed opium by the pound—but I can’t close my eyes—I can’t sleep—My poor father! a snake killed my father—it crept into his bosom, and stung him to death—hiss-ss-ss! went the adder—Hark! hark! I hear it now—See! see! there it comes!”

Thus he began to rave again; while his mother,

perceiving the state of his mind, ceased for a while to attempt any conversation with him. She asked his physicians what they thought of the case? And on being told there was little chance of his recovery, she replied she thought so too, and then added—

“Oh, that Doctor Whistlewind was alive! he was the only man that could cure him. But,” continued she, piously folding her hands, “if he must go for’t, it’s high time to attend to his eternal welfare; and a godly minister ought to be sent for immediately to converse with him.”

His physicians expressed a doubt of the utility of any attempt to converse with him, in his present state, upon religious matters, or indeed upon any other, inasmuch as he was deprived of his reason, and therefore could not understand what was said to him; besides they wished to keep him as quiet as possible, in order, along with opiates and other remedies, to overcome that watchfulness which was so prevailing and dangerous a symptom in the disease.

“Watchfulness!” exclaimed Mrs. Duckworth—  
“was there ever the like heard? Oh the hardness and stupidity of the natural heart! You wish to prevent my son from watching, do you? You wish to have him die in his sins, and deprive his aged mother of the last consolation of seeing him depart in the faith? Watch ye! watch ye! for the hour is at hand. I’m glad, for my part, to hear that my son is watchful.”



• “You misunderstand the term, madam.”

“*I* do! What, *I* misunderstand the meaning of watchfulness! I hav’nt lived to this late day to be taught my catechism—and by a couple of unregenerate doctors too. I’ve been too long in the school of faith not to know how important watchfulness is.”

“In this case it’s a mere indisposition to sleep, Mrs. Duckworth, and is a very dangerous symptom.”

“Dangerous—I should like to know what can be called dangerous, when the eternal good of the patient is at stake?”

“True, Mrs. Duckworth, but while your son is deprived of his reason—”

“Reason!” interrupted she, “what has reason to do with religion? They are as opposite as black is to white—they’re as far apart as the poles of the airth. Reason, indeed! That’s the rock on which your carnal, time-sarving men split. That’s what your heterodoxies hold to. I thank God I never was carried away with reason.”

“If such be the case, you have much to thank God for,” said Doctor Lawrence, who was one of the physicians.

“Indeed I have,” returned Mrs. Duckworth, “but there’s no use in talking with them that don’t know what religion is. I must send immediately for some speritual minister to converse with Dodimus. But where shall I send? all the younger fry are *given over* to reason and Arminianism. The good

Mr. Earsplitter, has long since gone to heaven, and Parson Longgrace has followed him."

"Here's the Rev. Mr. Conn, across the way—"

"What, John Conn! that scamp-o'-grace, who used to join Bill Brunson in all his ungodly tricks against poor Dody! that larnt all his preaching at college, that's no better than a downright Arminian!"

"I don't profess to be a judge of those matters," said Doctor Lawrence—"but what I was about to observe was, that Mr. Conn had called in here several times since your son has been sick; but seeing the state of his mind, did not think it worth while to undertake to converse with him. Besides, Mrs. Duckworth, I would again press upon you the importance of sleep to the welfare of your son. Let him get a good night's rest—let him become calm and rational—and then suggest to him the importance of religion, if you please—then send for a preacher of your own views to converse with him, if you think fit—but do not undertake it now, when it cannot possibly benefit his future condition, and may be the means of destroying his life."

The younger Mrs. Duckworth added her entreaties to those of the physicians, that her husband might not be disturbed; and that the remedies then in operation to reduce the delirium and procure sleep, might be allowed a fair trial. But the representations of the physicians, and the entreaties of the wife had little effect on the mother, who was

bent on attending first to the soul's welfare of her son, whether he was able to heed it or not. She accordingly despatched a messenger some dozen miles to bring a minister, of her own especial views, to converse with, exhort, and convert, her beloved son, while laboring under a delirium!

But as it would take the messenger some time to go and bring with him the true gospel preacher, Mrs. Duckworth took an opportunity, while the physicians were absent, to hold spiritual converse with her son. Drawing near to his bed, and casting a look towards heaven, as if to direct his attention thither, she drew a long sigh, that fairly made him start; and then began to question him as to the state of his mind.

He had been for a few moments comparatively calm; but aroused by the appearance, the sigh, and the voice of his mother, he began to rave again; to see more spiders, reptiles, and demons; and to endeavor to escape from them by leaping from his bed. His attendants kept him in his place, while he exclaimed—

“There! there! see that toad—how it swells and spits its venom. Now! now! it appears in the shape of an old woman. Give me my lancet! stand out of the way! fire and furies! blood and jalop I'll knock it down with my pestle. There—there”—he concluded, dropping back upon his pillow, “it's gone now.”

Mrs. Duckworth, perceiving him more calm

again, attempted once more to introduce a conversation on his soul's welfare, and began with—

“What's the state of your mind, my son?”

“I have no mind to state,” he replied. “It's gone—there! it's gone now. Doctor Whistlewind was a fool—he never could hold a trocular to me.”

“I wish he was alive now,” said Mrs. Duckworth, “and then there'd be some hopes.”

“Who says he aint alive?” exclaimed the patient, again starting up in bed. “I saw him this morning fighting with Pulltoggle for a bone—but I got it away from both of'em—ha, ha, ha!—Hark! how the hornets buz—buz-z-z! see that nest suspended from the ceiling—hush! buz-z-z! There! there! the devil is coming down the wall—”

“Resist the devil,” said Mrs. Duckworth, “and he will flee from you.”

“He's gone now! he's gone! that last blow with the pestle sent him reeling—I used to reel too when I was tipsy—but I'm sober now—I've taken nothing but opium to-day—I must go to sleep.” Thus saying, he threw himself back upon his bed, and for a moment closed his eyes. When Mrs. Duckworth exclaimed aloud—

“Give not sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, till you have—”

“I cant sleep,” said the doctor, unclosing his eyes—“hark! there's that thunder-clap that killed my father—there's no sleeping where it is. Brandy! brandy! give me some brandy. I've got seven

patients to visit this morning—hiss-ss-ss! there's that adder again—that crawling serpent."

"That old serpent is the devil," said Mrs. Duckworth.

But I forbear to paint this subject further. It is painful to describe such scenes. Suffice it to say, though the mother's favorite minister came at her request, he had too much sense to attempt to converse on the subject of religion with a man deprived of his reason; and Doctor Duckworth

"died, and gave no sign"

of that repentance which the clergyman had been brought thither to inculcate.

Doctor Duckworth had not attained his fortieth year, when he was cut down in the midst of his professional glory. His funeral was the most numerous attended of any that had been known in those parts, not excepting that of Doctor Whistlewind. As he lay on his bier, with his face bloated and purple; the people, turning away after a last look, exclaimed to themselves, "We shall never have another such a doctor—it's a pity he drank!"

Duckworth was buried in the churchyard of Toppingtown, beside his quondam master and late rival, Doctor Whistlewind; and the following concise epitaph—ascribed to the pen of William Brunson, Esq.—now no more—is placed beneath a death's head and cross-bones, surmounted by a pestle and mortar:

" HERE LIES,  
GATHERED TO THE COMMUNITY OF HIS PATIENTS,  
DOCTOR DODIMUS DUCKWORTH, A. N. Q.  
HE WAS BORN IN CORNBURY,  
BEGAN THE WORLD IN CRINCUMPAW,  
AND DIED IN TOPPINGTOWN."

Various have been the speculations, among those who have perused this epitaph, as to the meaning intended to be given by the author to the singular title of *A. N. Q.* Some persons suppose one thing, and some another. But as the author, so far as can be discovered, has left no memorial of his intention in the use of these three mysterious letters, so it is impossible to say precisely what that intention was; and, in all probability, the title will in time become a fruitful nut for the cracking of many a curious and indefatigable antiquary. Indeed, I am informed that a very distinguished traveller, well known on both continents, on a late tour through the Eastern States, spent several days at Toppingtown, most part of which were employed in endeavoring to dive into the meaning of the above singular title; and that some very learned and ingenious speculations thereon may be looked for, whenever his travels shall be published. But what may be the result of those speculations, it is impossible for me at present to say.

As I have alluded to the various opinions on this interesting subject, I will barely mention that of

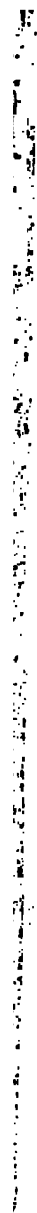
Tom Stokes, the caustic wag on crutches, with whom the reader is already acquainted. Tom, who in spite of the doctors is still living, avers, that A. N. Q. signifies neither more nor less than, A NOTORIOUS QUACK.

With this opinion I beg leave to close my history ; just reminding the reader, that Tom Stokes was no admirer of Doctor Duckworth ; and at the same time assuring him, that if he does not choose to adopt the interpretation of Tom, he is at perfect liberty to attempt a better of his own.

END OF DOCTOR DUCKWORTH.

**THE HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**A STEAM DOCTOR.**





**THE HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**A STEAM DOCTOR.**

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NATHANIEL FUMIGO was born in the state of New York, and apprenticed to the trade of a hatter. He early displayed an enterprising genius, and a disposition above his employment; insomuch that when bending over the steam, and planking the hats, his active mind was often wandering from his business, and gadding abroad in search of other and more agreeable occupation.

On such occasions, Nat, (for so he was usually called) would rest-upon his roller, and inwardly exclaim—"Oh that I was a doctor, or a lawyer, or a minister—to give physic, or to make writs, or to preach sermons! What an easy life I should then lead. Instead of twanging the bow from morning till night, or working in the hot water till I'm fairly parboiled, I should then have little to do but to drive about in my sulky, feel of people's pulses, look important, prescribe, and then mount my sulky again; or sit in my office and fill out writs, and attend

courts, and take the fees; or otherwise sit in my study, vamp up old sermons, receive my salary, and live a life of ease. Oh, that I had been apprenticed to any thing, rather than the making of hats! I'm certainly cut out for a different kind of *head-work*."

Such were some of the stray wishes and aspiring thoughts that passed through the mind of young Fumigo, as he was twanging the bow, or bending over the steaming kettle. But his mind did not alone stray from his employment; his body was frequently absent. He was not, however, particular on these occasions to be influenced by the aspirings of his mighty mind; nor to engage in such pursuits, or with such company, as would naturally lead to the much wished for result. On the contrary, he was generally to be found in the company of idlers, truants, and blackguards---roaming about the neighborhood, robbing orchards, fishing, shooting, and the like. In short, any thing to get rid of hard work, and to absent himself from the proper discharge of his duties.

By these means he often incurred the displeasure of his master; and not displeasure alone, but reproof, remonstrance, and warning; and when these failed, corporeal chastisement. But all to very little purpose. The mind of Nat. was seldom, or never with his work; and no sooner was the master absent a moment from the shop, than the apprentice, watching his opportunity, turned his back upon labour, and was absent also.

He more than once ran away ; and his master, in hopes nobody would take the trouble to bring him back, advertised *One Cent Reward* for his apprehension and return. But, to his great disappointment and regret, he found somebody ready each time to bring back the runaway, and claim the reward. Seeing there was no getting rid of him in this way, and that he had so often broken his indenture, he would have sent him home. But his father, a poor honest man, knew not what to do with him ; and he begged hard that the hatter would keep him, and make something of him if possible.

But, at length, both the hatter and the parent were relieved from the trouble of looking after the aspiring youth ; for he ran away this time so thoroughly, that he escaped the mortification of being brought back. He had not above a year and a half to serve ; and his master was glad to cancel that remainder, on condition of never seeing his face again.

Nat was now in his twentieth year. 'The world was all before him,' except that part which in his flight he had had left behind. Of money he had none, and of clothing little to spare. He had indeed, in his haste, taken a couple of his master's shirts, and exchanged his old ram-beaver for a brand-new rorum.

Light of cash and light of heel, he bent his way to the city of New York. He travelled on foot, except when he had an opportunity of begging a ride

in some teamster's wagon. For food and lodging he was also dependent on charity; exercising his wits with great ingenuity in framing sundry excuses for being destitute of the wherewithal to pay for his entertainment. In this way he managed his overland travel remarkably well. But when he arrived at Albany, and would fain have begged a passage down the Hudson, he was told very gruffly by the masters of the river craft, that they had no room for a fellow of his cloth.

"Faith," said Nat to himself, "these salt water rats are un-come-at-able fellows. There's no getting hold of their fur. I must contrive some way to pick up the means of paying my passage."

He revolved in his mind various modes of recruiting his empty pockets. He hated every thing by the name of work, as the devil is said to hate holy water. But he saw no feasible, and at the same time prudent means, of acquiring the needful in any other mode. Having some insight in the hating business, he resolved therefore, for a few days, to act the part of a *tramping jour*. After calling upon several hatters, he was at length fortunate enough to obtain work. He now fell to like a man determined to do something. But having spoilt a considerable quantity of the raw material, without making any thing that at all resembled a hat, his employer gave him a small sum of money to get rid of him, and sent him away.

With this small sum, he would fain have made

another attempt for New York. For this purpose he was about taking French leave of his landlord ; when the latter, scenting out his design, nabbed the youngster and got his pay.

Being once more nearly destitute of cash, he took cheaper lodgings, and endeavoured again to procure work of the hatters. He was fortunate enough to succeed a second time. But what pleased him better still, after laboring at the kettle a day or two, he succeeded in gaining from his employer a small sum of money in advance ; which he had no sooner done, than he retired between two days, leaving the hatter to whistle for his work, and his landlady, a poor widow, to sing what tune she best could for her pay.

He now kept concealed until such time as he could get a passage to New York, by some cheap conveyance ; which he at length effected on board a small sloop. But as his cash would not go the length of paying for the entire passage, he engaged to make up the remainder in work. Having never learnt to hand, reef, steer, nor do any thing in the way of navigating a vessel, his awkwardness was the cause of no little swearing to the captain, and of no little mirth to the sailors. At last, in attempting to execute some manœuvre, he fell headlong into the river. " A man overboard !" was the immediate cry. The seamen bustled about with all apparent haste, but with little real speed, to help him out. He was at length taken up, half dead with

drowning, and affright; and resolved, if he ever got to New York alive, that this should be the last time he would undertake, either in whole or in part, to work his passage.

He arrived in the city, safe, sound, and pennyless. But many a sturdy adventurer has been in a great city in a similar condition. There was no use in folding his hands and concluding to starve, because he was in a strange place without money. He could, on a pinch, as he had done in Albany, act the part of a journeyman hatter. He therefore began to look about for employment in that capacity; but not finding it immediately, he pawned his master's shirts to obtain meat, and stretched himself on one of the market stalls for lodging.

Living thus economically, he kept himself from starving until he found employment. He engaged to manufacture a certain number of hat bodies; but before he had been at work two days, he began to ask his employer for money, in hopes to get an advance, as he had done from his late employer in Albany. But he found his new master too sharp for him. He could get no money until his employer perceived that he was working up his materials without producing any thing in the shape of hat bodies; and he gave him a few shillings to get rid of him.

Nat had not the least intention of following the life of a hatter; and as his success thus far in the character of a journeyman, afforded him little hopes

of even gaining his bread for any length of time, he began to cast about for other employment. "Any thing," said he, "instead of breathing the steam of a hatter's kettle. There's no pleasure in it, no delight. The steam of a cook-shop, or kitchen, were princely compared to this. I'd rather be a cook or even a cook's mate, than a hatter."

These reflections passed through his mind, as he sauntered near a victualling cellar, where the fumes of roasted and stewed meats saluted his nostrils, and made his mouth water to be among them. "Faith," said he to himself, "I'll be a cook, if it's for nothing but the chance of helping myself when I'm hungry. What a glorious time the cook of a large hotel must have of it! So many nice things before him. So many opportunities of enjoying the delicate titbits; of now and then whipping off the leg of a chicken, or the wing of a turkey. Even the very smell of the dishes, as they are cooking, is worth more than all the wages I should ever make by hatting. I'll be a cook."

As he said this, he plunged into a victualling cellar, and inquired if they were in want of a cook. He was shortly answered in the negative. But the smell of the viands so attracted him, that it was some time before he could tear himself away. He inquired at another establishment, and another, and met with the like answer; but each time lingering for several minutes in the premises, and inhaling the steam of cookery, he felt his hunger



by degrees somewhat appeased, without having put a morsel of food in his mouth, which the present condition of his pockets forbade him to call for. In this manner he contrived to subsist for two or three days; inquiring in the kitchens and cook-shops for employment, and snuffing up the steam of cookery for a livelihood. Besides this, he would stand whole hours close to some cooking establishment, in order to arrest the refreshing fumes, as they exhaled from the windows or doors.

But to subsist on mere steam, is after all a rather abstemious mode of living; and, in the case of Nat Fumigo, was likely to turn out a very uncomfortable, if not a precarious one; for as he was one day loitering about the culinary premises of an eating-house, a stout female cook dashed a cup of hot water in his face, which came near blinding as well as scalding him. He was at length, however, taken compassion on by the keeper of a refectory, who engaged to let him assist his master of the kitchen, and to allow him meat and lodging into the bargain.

Here his employment was, to wash the dishes, scour the knives, clean the kettles, scrape the sauce-pans, and perform the lowest part of the drudgery about the kitchen. He would fain have occupied a higher station, endeavoring to persuade his employer that he knew all about the science of cookery, having been bred up as it were in the midst of steam. But having spoilt one or two dishes, which

he had undertaken to cook, he was positively forbidden to meddle with things above his knowledge.

He was not, however, altogether incapable of improvement in the sublime science of cookery; and by dint of observation, he at length acquired a considerable share of culinary skill. He was particularly fond of preparing smothered dishes, and of mixing up high-seasoned stuffings, whereof pepper and hot herbs formed the principal condiments. He began to advance somewhat in the estimation of his employer, and, after a while, in addition to meat and lodging, obtained some trifling wages. From washing dishes and aiding in the cookery, he was in time promoted to the office of waiting upon customers; in which, as he discovered a complaisant readiness and an easy use of the tongue, he gave very tolerable satisfaction.

Nat was now in a rising way. His wages were still further increased, and he was finally promoted to the secretaryship of the establishment. Mr. Fumigo now began to cut a dash. "I always thought," said he, "I was born to be a great man. Strange that my father should ever have thought of making me a hatter!" He sported a watch, cultivated a pair of whiskers, and was accounted—or at least, he accounted himself a very fine gentleman. But it costs something to support this high character; and Mr. Fumigo having unfortunately forgotten to account for certain monies received in the

way of business, found it prudent suddenly to decamp from the presence of his employer.

He kept himself concealed for a time, shaved off his whiskers, and dreamed of old Hays. The stalls of the market, which had formerly accommodated him, he no longer deemed a safe lodging. From his late genteel habits, he thought himself quite liable to take a cold; or possibly to be taken by something still more disagreeable. The money which he had forgotten to account for, had been expended as he went along; he was pretty well advanced in his tailor's books, and owed his laundress for six months' washing. When retiring from his late employ, which he did with such uncomfortable haste as to leave most of his apparel behind him, he had little to depend on for the exigency of the time except his watch, which was disposed of to a pawnbroker, and the proceeds of that were now eaten up.

In this emergency, he would once more have betaken himself to his old habit of living on steam, by lounging about the cook-shops; but that source was not cut off by his fears of the police, and the bad odor which at present attached to him among the keepers of these establishments.

Fortunately the owner of a caravan of living animals, which was about breaking up its quarters in the city and taking a tour through the country, was in want of a hand. To this establishment Nat joined himself. His principal business was to feed, wash, and tend upon the monkeys, and other infe-

rior animals; while the lions, the tigers, and all the more dignified brutes, were placed under the care of a different person.

In his present employment he had an opportunity to roam over the country, and see something of mankind. But the monkeys—whether it was owing to a too great similarity between them and their keeper, or to what other cause, I know not—could never agree with Mr. Fumigo. They would continually make the most odious mouths at him; they would scream and chatter violently whenever he approached them; and when off his guard, would spring upon him and nearly claw out his eyes. His situation thus became very uneasy, for it is bad to have the enmity even of so contemptible an animal as a monkey, much more that of the whole race of skip-jacks belonging to a caravan.

Nat abandoned his charge, and next accepted the office of one of the understrappers to a puppet show. Here he had also an opportunity to gratify his taste for roaming, as well as in some measure to cultivate the idle disposition for which he had from his childhood been distinguished. He continued in this establishment for some time—never indeed arriving to the honor of working the wires that moved the puppets, though he was not unfrequently employed in grinding the mill whereto they danced. At length he was elevated to the office of doorkeeper; but having no other duties than those of a full house

in his pocket, and having the day previous been paid his entire wages, he thought he could not have a better opportunity of taking leave of his employer, which he did just before the close of the performance, and quite in the French style—making such hasty use of his legs, that before day-light he was pretty well out of reach of the puppet showman.

He was now bent on making money, and adding to the gains already in his pocket. He had felt the evils of poverty, and he was determined to avoid them for the future. But what should he undertake? He debated with himself for some days, and finally concluded to purchase a load of pewter buttons, combs, and patent nostrums. With these he made his way south, where he had understood the people were peculiarly gullible, and therefore very well calculated for his purposes of speculation.

He did tolerably well in the more obscure parts of the country, particularly in the sale of his patent nostrums. But he found on the whole that the people were not near so gullible as he had been led to understand—having already been too often imposed upon not to have acquired wisdom by experience. He could not make above twenty hundred per cent on his nostrums, and not above one on his buttons and combs.

He nevertheless made considerable money, and was on his return for Bergamo, when unfortunately he fell in the way of the puppet showman,

who threatened to make him smart for the abstraction of the monies before mentioned ; and he was glad to compound the difficulty by paying twice as much money as he had taken away. In order to do this, he was obliged to part with his horse and wagon ; and his finances were so reduced that he could no longer pursue his traffic on so extensive a scale.

He now purchased a couple of large tin boxes, or trunks, which he carried by means of a strap passing over his shoulders. These were filled with essences and trinkets. The latter were of the cheapest kind, being at best nothing more than gilt metal ; but which he contrived to sell to the ignorant for pure gold. Among the essences, besides those usually to be found in the shops of the apothecaries, there was one of Nat's own invention. He called it the **ESSENCE OF TANTARRAH-ROOT**. What the composition was, is of little consequence. It answered the purpose of the inventor, namely, to gull the people and get away their money. He averred it was a sovereign cure for the asthma, and a specific in fifty other complaints. He sold it at a dollar an ounce—rightly judging that the higher the price of a quack nostrum, the more likely it is to take with the people.

The **Essence of Tantarrah-Root**, like all other famous nostrums, had its day ; but it proved to be a brief one, and in no very long period its reputation entirely vanished. But Nat Fumigo had made

money while its fame lasted ; and now being weary of lugging his tin boxes about the country, and having in sundry instances narrowly escaped arrest for selling trinkets of base metal for gold, he resolved to abandon the peddler's life, and to betake himself to some other occupation.

The hankering which he had early felt for one of the learned professions, had never entirely left him ; and he now began to wish more than ever that he was a lawyer, or a doctor, or a clergyman. He was now twenty-five years of age, and he deemed it full time that he was settled in some way of business whereby he could be content to obtain a livelihood.

But he could not think, at his age, of going through the usual course of study which is necessary to prepare a man for one of the learned professions. He could not think of spending six or seven years to fit himself for the pulpit, the bar, or the sick room. He had not the time to spare, nor the necessary money to spend. But, what was a greater objection still, he had no taste for study. He wished, whatever profession he undertook, to jump at once, and without any previous study or preparation, *in medias res* ; to shine forth, as it were, by the power of irresistible genius.

He debated with himself for some time which of the three professions he should embrace ; and the result was in favor of medicine. In regard to law, he could not easily attain the fellowship of the bar

and the approbation of the bench, without some little previous study. And in regard to divinity, he could not get fairly into the communion of the church and the brotherhood of the clergy, without serving some little apprenticeship to piety and good morals—wherein he was at present lamentably deficient—to say nothing of the tomes of divinity, which it would be necessary for him to peruse.

“Ay,” said he to himself, as he revolved all these things in his mind, “medicine is the profession for me, and I’ll be a doctor. That requires no previous study. A man may jump into practice as easy as he can jump into bed, and as naked too—I mean in point of learning. There’s Doctor Ride-’em-down, he never went to college in his life, and scarcely to any other school; and he knew no more of medicine when he began to practice, than I do. And yet he’s made his fortune by it, and all the people think him unparalleled. Then there’s Doctor Slashaway, he began with less study, if possible, than Doctor Ride-’em-down—being originally a butcher by trade—when all at once he turned his hand from slashing up beeves, to cutting off arms and legs. And who has made his way in the world more prosperously, or is more honored among the people, than Doctor Slashaway? Then again there’s Doc—but why need I multiply cases? Precedents crowd upon me on every side. Whichever way I turn my eye, I behold a case in point.



"Yes," continued Nat, increasing in animation as he revolved the subject in his mind, "medicine is the profession for me. The people are peculiarly gullible on that subject; and where there is any think like gullibility, I am sure to succeed. Yes, I'll be a doctor. But what sort of a doctor? Shall I take up the regular practice? or the root practice; or the cancer practice? or the ——."

To aid the decision of Mr. Fumigo, a STEAM DOCTOR had lately come into the neighborhood where he then was. He was a famous practitioner in his way, and was among the earliest of those who embraced that mode of curing diseases, since become so famous under the name of the STEAM PRACTICE.

Nat willingly became his disciple; and the more so, because he considered himself to be already pretty well acquainted with the nature of steam, from having worked over it so much when a hatter's apprentice, and afterwards been conversant with it in a different shape in the cook shops of New-York. All that is requisite, thought he, is to know how to apply it in the cure of diseases.

Nat followed this famous Steam Doctor a few weeks, and then set up for himself. His materia medica was easily furnished. The principal requisite was *Lobelia Inflata*—or Indian Tobacco—and Red Pepper. The first he could find any where, in the pastures and meadows; and the second could be got at any grocer's, if not found in any garden,

among the country people where he would be most likely to practice. As for the materials for generating steam, they were always at hand; water could be found any where in this happy country; fuel was abundant for raising heat; and stones, or bricks, were rarely wanting to complete the steaming apparatus.

Nothing could be more cheap and simple. Then in relation to the cases which might come before the practitioner, little or no discrimination was necessary, inasmuch as the mode of treating all diseases was very nearly the same. A decoction of lobelia, of greater or less strength, was generally to be administered; and the red pepper was, in most cases, to be an accompaniment. Water, poured upon hot stones, was the material for raising steam; and thick blankets, or buffalo-skins, were the coverings whereby it was to be kept in warm contact with the person of the patient. Thus the disease, whatever it might be, was to be heated, steamed, and sweated out of him.

DOCTOR FUMIGO was at first in some doubt where he should choose the theatre of his future fame and exploits. The greater or less gullibility of the people, was the principal thing he considered in making up his mind on this subject. He had some acquaintance in the different states, from having peddled essences, nostrums, and the like; and he finally pitched upon his native state as being best calculated for his present purpose. There

were indeed some little flaws in his character, some small delinquencies

“ unwhipt of justice,”

which were pretty well known at home. But he hoped they were before this time forgotten, if not forgiven. That particularly in relation to his master's shirts, he had little fear about ; for he felt convinced that the latter would willingly have parted with three times as many shirts to be fairly rid of him ; and as it regarded the money abstracted from his employer in the city of New-York, his business, lying altogether among the country people, would not be likely to bring him in contact with Old Hays.

His first patient was a child, that was merely troubled with a bad cold. He persuaded the parents, however, that the poor thing had ten or a dozen fevers, besides the croup, and sundry other very dangerous complaints. The lobelia and red pepper were administered, and the steaming process applied. The child screamed and cried during the whole operation ; and when taken out from beneath the blankets, it looked as though it was nearly parboiled, and its skin was blistered in sundry places. It nevertheless lived through it, and finally recovered, not only of the cold, but of the parboiling and the blisters. Nature does wonders sometimes ; but in this instance Doctor Fumigo got all the praise. It was presently trumpeted abroad what a mighty

cure he had performed. The parents declared he had saved the life of their child, the neighbors believed it, and the country rang with it.

The result of this case was so flattering, that Doctor Fumigo began to get into immediate practice. To be sure, said the people, the poor child was sadly blistered and dreadfully parboiled; but that was nothing to the loss of life, which would certainly have been the case, if Doctor Fumigo had not been employed. It would be a great deal better that the child should be steamed to death, than to die of the croup and all those mortal fevers and other complaints with which the poor thing was afflicted.

Thus reasoned the admirers of Doctor Fumigo, and the doctor did not fail to profit by the occasion. He had calls from every side. His steam was kept constantly on the rise, and lobelia and red pepper were in great demand. All sorts of complaints were submitted to the same process; and he did not fail judiciously to make the most of every case, by representing it to be much worse than it really was, in order to have the credit of performing a prodigious cure; or, at the worst, to save his reputation in case the patient was so unreasonable as to pop off during the curative process.

Soon after Doctor Fumigo commenced practice, the influenza became very prevalent. It was somewhat of a severe and obstinate character; and, with his usual felicity in making the most of a disease,

he called it the croup, together with a little touch of the lung-fever. Every body, both old and young, according to Doctor Fumigo, was afflicted with the croup—it was an epidemic croup! And then the lung-fever to set in too along with it—it was enough to stop the breath of any mortal living!

Doctor Fumigo was kept going day and night. Nobody would do but Doctor Fumigo. The regular physicians declared the complaint was nothing more than an influenza. But their assertion, in opposition to the steam doctor, was not sufficient to convince the people. On the contrary, they considered it as no less than the effect of downright envy and jealousy, on the part of the regular craft, towards their more knowing and skilful competitor, the rising and popular Doctor Fumigo.

He, indeed, lost sundry of his patients, while all those who were entrusted to the regular physicians, or to Dame Nature, got well. But the people argued that no inference, unfavorable to Doctor Fumigo, should be drawn from this circumstance : because, said they, it was only his patients who had the croup, with the lung-fever ; while those who were left to nature or the regular doctors, had nothing more than the influenza, or a common cold. In short, Doctor Fumigo acquired great reputation for curing a disease which had no existence, except in his bold representations and in the credulity of the people.

His practice was now so well established, that he

began to think of taking a wife, and enjoying the sweets of domestic felicity. Among his advocates and employers, was a wealthy Dutch farmer, who had but two children, a son and a daughter. The son, who had taken it into his head to go to college, was not an admirer of Doctor Fumigo. But then his sister was—which, with the approbation of her father, was quite sufficient, so far as the hopes of the doctor were concerned. He found no difficulty in wooing and marrying the buxom daughter of Farmer Van Stump, except what arose from the opposition of the son. But he did not regard that so much as the value of a sprig of lobelia, so long as he had the love of the daughter and the consent of the father.

“As for Hans,” said the old man, “he may go to de tyfel szhake himzelf for wat I cares. Wat biszhness has he to obbose mine wishes, or yourn, toctor? De gollege has vairly made a vool on him. He dont know de difference between shteam and tobacco shmoke. But I’ll larn him wat is wat one of dese days, if so pe he dont mindt his eyes. I’ll gut him off mit a schillin; and den zee if he’ll zet up his nonzence in obbosition to yourn, toctor, and to mine own, and to his schwes-ter Kottarina’s.”

Doctor Fumigo now considered his fortune as made. But Farmer Van Stump, however much he admired the wonderful talents and skill, and the admirable address of his son-in-law, had no idea of

supporting him in idleness. He was industrious himself, and the admirer of industry in others. He gave no encouragement to the doctor, therefore, to slacken his hand in the least in the exercise of his profession.

“ You must geep ub de shteam, toctor,” said he, “ like one high pressure shteam-boat. You must’nt let it go down at all. De beoples, dey wants yourn aid, and you must not zay no. It is de dime to make hay while de zun szhines,”

Such was the sage advice of Farmer Van Stump, and the doctor, however much he had calculated on domestic ease, did not think it good policy to neglect it: He continued as he was advised, actively pushing the steam. He had patients in abundance; his reputation had lost little or nothing of the surprising gloss it had acquired by his success in the epidemic croup; and he made money like dust.

Thus he continued for several years. Katharina had become the mother of sundry plump and rosy little Fumigoes; and nothing was wanting to render the situation of the doctor as comfortable as that of a man who lives on gullibility can well be. The regular physicians, indeed, did not hesitate to say that he killed his patients; that he gave the lobelia in such doses and pressed the steam so high, that they suddenly died under the operation. But then it was observed, as an offset, that these representations came from his enemies, and were

therefore not deserving of any notice. As for Doctor Fumigo, they passed by him

“like the idle wind,”

scarcely so much as ruffling the surface of his great name.

But sooth to say, the doctor was not in any sense deserving of his prosperity, and more especially, of the domestic bliss which had fallen to his portion. He was not a little tinctured with the fashionable follies and vices of the day. He was quite too fond of useless show and expense in his mode of living. He kept too many horses, sported too many dogs, and entertained too many worthless friends. He did worse: he got into habits of gambling. And worse still; for, he was false to Katharina's bed.

His expensive habits, as may well be supposed, kept him bare of money. But his father-in-law, who had no idea of encouraging vice and folly, would not render him any assistance, farther than was necessary to keep his daughter and grandchildren comfortably provided for. At length, however, the profligacy of the doctor, and his neglect of his wife, came to such a pitch, that poor Katharina was obliged to leave him, and return to her father's house.

Things continued in this way for some time, when Squire Van Stump (for he had lately received the commission of Justice of Peace) was taken sick. Highly as he disapproved of his



in-lav's vices and follies, and of his conduct to his daughter, he had lost no part of his faith in his medical skill. In spite of the representations of his son, he sent for Doctor Fumigo.

The usual curative process was adopted. But inasmuch as the Squire was a stout, robust man, it was deemed necessary by the doctor to give him a double dose of the Indian tobacco and red pepper, and to press the steam twice as high as in ordinary cases. Sundry masses of lime-stone—which happened to be the kind nearest at hand—were heated well nigh red hot, and placed about the body of the Squire. On these water was thrown, and the patient, together with the hissing masses of stone, was enveloped in as many blankets and buffalo skins as would entirely prevent the heat and steam from escaping.

"De Tyfel!" exclaimed the Squire, as Doctor Fumigo was covering him up—"dis is hot as h-ll! dis is shteam mit a wengeance!"

"Lie still," said the doctor, "you'll soon feel better."

"Ugh! ugh! de shteam gomes so tick I cant preathe mit mine headt govered ub," said the patient.

"Never mind," said the doctor, "if you uncover your head the steam will escape."

The Squire submitted, like a dutiful patient; the process of steaming went on; and after the usual period employed in such operations, he was taken out—dead!

Ay, the poor credulous Squire Van Stump was mere food for worms. He left a handsome fortune, which, in due course of law, fell one half to the daughter. Doctor Fumigo was now in possession of the income to which he had long been looking forward; and he was in hopes to enjoy his expensive and vicious habits unrestrained by any want of pecuniary means.

But here an unexpected misfortune assailed him. It was whispered about by sundry persons, among whom were some of the neighboring physicians, that he had put an end to the life of his father-in-law, that he might the sooner enjoy his property. Others, who acquitted him of any malicious intent, did not hesitate to say that he had shortened the life of the old man by pushing the steam to a most unwarrantable extent. In short, so loud were the complaints, that Doctor Fumigo was at length arrested and thrown into prison.

But this step was not taken without opposition from the populace, who declared it was all a piece of downright persecution. His friends collected in great numbers, determined to rescue him from the hands of the civil officers. But the doctor mounted upon a stump and made them a speech, wherein he recommended moderation and reverence to the laws; declaring that he was indeed a persecuted man, but that he should, in the end, come triumphantly off, that he should shine like pure gold

from the furnace of the refiner, and that they had not the least cause for apprehension on his account. He concluded by advising them to disperse quietly to their homes ; confiding, as he did, in the justice of the country, and fully assured that they should again have the pleasure of taking him by the hand, free from duress, and washed as white as the decision of an honest and unbiassed jury could make him. The people dispersed accordingly ; but at the same time declared, if he should not be acquitted, they would burn the house of the judge about his ears ; and ride on a rail, or tar and feather, every one of the jurymen.

There was some difference of opinion among the grand jury as to what should be the nature of the indictment. Some thought it should be for murder, others merely for manslaughter. The constituted number, however, were in favor of the latter ; and Doctor Fumigo was at length brought to his trial.

The court-house was crowded with people, and uncommon interest was manifested on the occasion. The prisoner was defended by three of the principal lawyers in the county ; while the prosecuting attorney, on his part, was not wanting in his endeavours in favor of the State. Sundry witnesses were examined touching the mode in which Squire Van Stump was said to have been steamed out of the world ; and the judge, as it appeared by his charge, was fully of opinion that the case of manslaughter

was made out. Not so, however, thought the jury ; for they acquitted the prisoner.

As soon as the verdict was pronounced, the people, who had been almost ready to pull the judge from the bench, while delivering his charge, threw up their hats, and gave three cheers. They moreover gathered round the doctor, raised him on their shoulders, and bore him in triumph to the next tavern, where they all got particularly drunk as a testimony of joy on his acquittal.

Doctor Fumigo now resolved to make amends for all his troubles. He purchased horses and carriages, and began to branch out largely upon the income of his wife's property. But Katharina soon put an end to this, by procuring a divorce ; and the doctor was left once more solely to his own resources. These did not fail him. The means for raising steam and the gullibility of the people were as great as ever.

But Doctor Fumigo was not fated to enjoy a long career. The chalice, which he had mingled for others, was at length to be commended to his own lips. He was taken sick, and sent for one of the regular faculty. But his friends, who felt deeply interested in the result, insisted upon it that he should have a steam doctor. He resisted their entreaties for some time ; but at length, being in a weak state of mind, as well as body, he gave way, and the man of steam was sent for.

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Poor Doctor Fumigo ! he went off like a vapor  
—or rather in a vapor. His death was in beautiful  
consistence with his life. As he had lived, so he  
died, by steam.

**THE END.**





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